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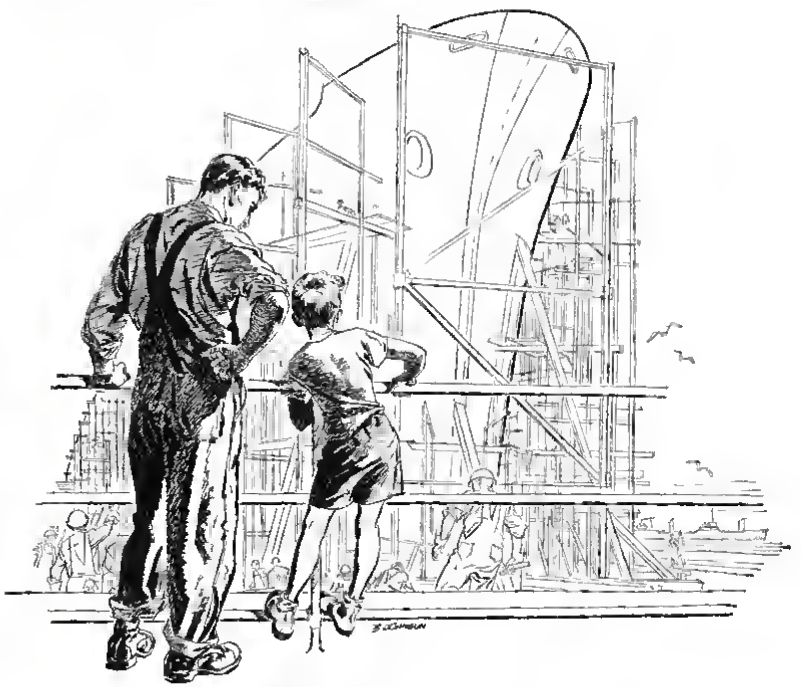
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EDITORIAL

IS MARGARINE OUTSIDE THE CONSTITUTION?

IN THE last week of its summer session Parliament passed a bill which threatens to commit two distinct and very real acts of violence against the Canadian people and the Canadian nation. The bill in question

(a) gives the government new powers to promote the interests of a minority group of producers at the expense of the general consuming public.

(b) sanctions barriers to interprovincial trade which are clearly against the spirit, and quite possibly against the letter of the Canadian constitution.

The legislation we are speaking of is so craven and atrocious in both its content and its purpose that we doubt the necessity of mentioning that it dealt with margarine. Parliament's standards of morality have consistently gone out the window when margarine is under discussion. For most of our lifetime as a nation our various parliamentary bodies forbade Canadians the use of margarine on the untruthful premise that it is harmful to the health. After the Supreme Court ruled that this sort of prohibition did not lie within the powers of the federal government—two provincial legislatures hastened to outlaw margarine on their own. several others passed spite laws forbidding the use of artificial coloring in margarine, and the federal government partially retrieved its defeat in the courts by imposing discriminatory taxes against margarine. Now the House of Commons and the Senate have both approved a new act authorizing the government to prevent the shipment of margarine from the eight provinces in which its manufacture is permitted to the two provinces in which its manufacture is not permitted. Even though this appears to challenge one of the basic concepts of our nationhood—free trade between the provinces—it's only another chapter in an old, old story.

No, if there is any surprise here, it lies not in what Parliament did but in the manner in which it was done. The new bill which incidentally nowhere mentions margarine by name, was introduced virtually without notice. Most members saw it in printed form only two or three minutes before Agriculture Minister Gardiner moved its passage. There are 262 members of the House of Commons representing four major political parties and ranging in their personal beliefs from the far left to the far right. The only one aside from Mr. Gardiner, who spoke more than one hundred words during the "debate" preceding the passage of the section concerning margarine was George Cruickshank, Liberal member for Fraser Valley. Mr. Cruickshank made three separate points and in each of them he admirably symbolized the level of responsibility the Commons as a whole brought to bear on this important issue. First, he had forgotten his glasses and had difficulty in reading the bill at all. Second, he was "assuming that this bill is entirely in the interests of the dairymen" and to that extent he approved it. Third, he was anxious to know what steps had been taken to ensure that the bill, like the illegal ban on margarine which existed for forty years, would not be attacked and possibly upset in the Supreme Court.

The Senate, which is less susceptible to the influence of lobbies and special interests did stage a genuine debate on the bill during which Senators Euler, Roebuck, Hardy and Vien led a vigorous defense of parliament, the constitution and the individual citizen's right to eat what he wants to eat. For a time it seemed as though the Senate might succeed in giving the bill a six months' hoist. But, with the help of a third alarm roundup which flushed at least one senator who had never before attended a sitting of the Senate, the Government whips mustered a majority.

Neither House has cause for pride in this shameful default of duty. No party including those in opposition can claim exemption from the charge of appalling cowardice.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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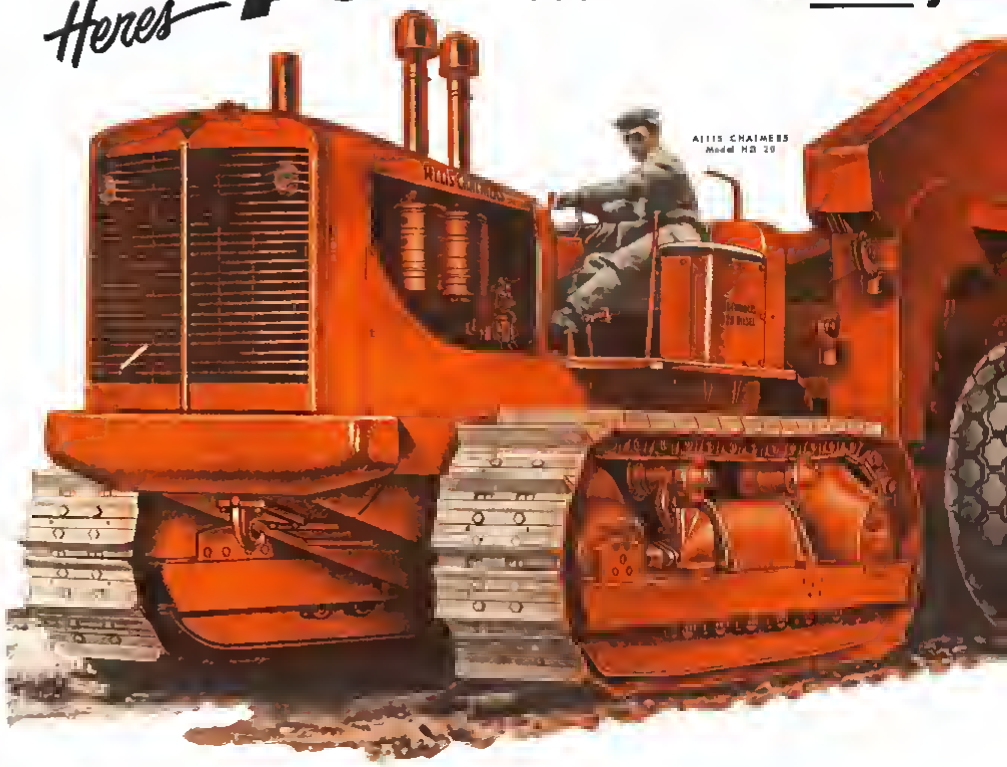
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What you can do about ALLERGIES

Hundreds of thousands of people in our country are afflicted by some form of allergy. It is estimated that about four hundred thousand people suffer each year from hay fever alone.

An allergy is a disorder in a *sensitivity* which some persons display to normally harmless things like pollens, foods and dust. Many other factors may also be involved, such as chemicals, bacteria, etc.

The discomforts that occur when these sensitive tissues are believed to be caused by a chemical called histamine. This chemical is apparently released by the body's cells in such large amounts that the tissues themselves are affected and their normal functions upset. This results in sneezing, skin rashes, digestive upsets, and a variety of other discomforts.

Today, treatment for all types of allergy is becoming increasingly effective. There are diagnostic tests which help doctors identify even quite obscure causes. In addition, there are also new drugs which aid in controlling many allergic symptoms.



1. If you have an allergy, ask your doctor about *the antihistamines*. When administered under a physician's advice—as they must be, since they are toxic to some degree—they often give rapid, though *temporary*, relief.

The antihistamines are especially beneficial in those allergies—such as hay fever—which are caused by substances that are inhaled. For best results, however, these drugs should be used along with other measures designed to give more lasting relief.



2. If you have hay fever, the doctor may recommend that desensitizing treatments be given early in the year, long in advance of "the hay fever season."

This helps build up protection and enables many patients to go through the season with little or no discomfort. Prompt and proper treatment is desirable, as studies show that persons with untreated hay fever often develop asthma.



3. If you suspect a food allergy, consult your doctor about diagnostic tests which reveal foods that should be avoided.

Authorities caution against self-prescribed diets to relieve food allergies because essential foods may be unnecessarily omitted.

It is especially important to follow this safeguard in infants and children who have digestive upsets or skin rashes thought to result from eating certain foods.

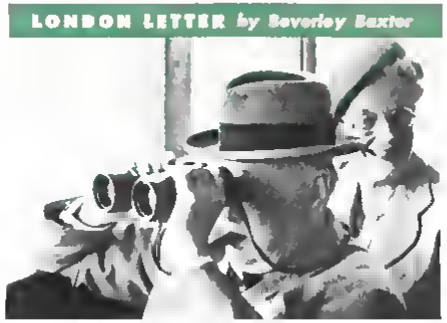
Emotional difficulties have been found to play a part in allergy disorders. Consequently, doctors may study the patient's background in an attempt to find and clear up emotional situations that may lead to more frequent or more severe attacks.

Today, through prompt and proper treatment—and *complete* cooperation between the doctor and the patient—most allergy victims can be greatly helped.

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LONDON LETTER *by Beverley Baxter*



Wiseacres here was running, but would the Tories get leave to cheer it to victory?

The Lash of the Whip

I AM writing this London Letter having just returned from parole. At nine o'clock this morning the Chief Whip told me that if I could get back in forty minutes he thought it would be all right to dash home, have a bath, a shave and a change of clothes. O blessed Chief Whip! Long may he hold his despotic office.

It was 2.30 yesterday afternoon when we began the parliamentary business of the day. All through the night we talked and there are ominous rumors that we shall keep going through tonight as well. All of which, you will agree, needs a word of explanation.

The British House of Commons is a sensible place which combines tradition with common sense to a remarkable degree. As an example let me inform you that by Mr Speaker's decree we must remain at three swords length from our nearest opponent. *It* is true that we no longer wear swords but when tempers rise it is a wise precaution to preserve a no-man's-land.

But every now and then parliament reaches the upper rim of the higher lunacy and this is one of the occasions. At Whitsun and Easter the House adjourns for a nice long recess but when the budget is introduced soon afterward there is never enough time to get it through in the ordinary hours of debate and so we resort to all-night sittings.

Our emaciated newspapers cannot begin to report the debates in which we are contriving new tortures and exertions for the taxpayer. Fiery speeches are made while MPs slumber in their seats or even on their backs. Ministers who have to face heavy departmental tasks when the morning arrives get a few sleep, unless they steal a few minutes here and there and approach their daylight tasks with bleary eyes and tired minds.

Even that irreplaceable national asset Winston Churchill is kept out of his bed. At two o'clock and at seven o'clock this morning he made two interventions in the debate and looked as fresh and mischievous as a cherub. He loves the smell of battle and nothing would induce him to miss the nocturnal struggle. Someone has reckoned that we covered five miles so far in marching through the voting lobbies. But the incorrigible seventy-seven-year-old Churchill is always with us, and when we see his shining face, and his head thrust forward like a belligerent bull, we feel like shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" even as Napoleon's army.

Clement Attlee in his seventieth year is quite imperturbable. To look at him one would think he had just come from reading a pleasant book in the library and would return to it as soon as the particular division had ended. On the other hand Herbert Morrison, formerly Leader of the House but now Foreign Secretary, has lost a lot of his chirpiness. Persia is a nuisance, Egypt a bore, Russia is a menace and America is America. One can almost hear him saying: "Foreign affairs would be all right if it weren't for the foreigners."

Through this strange setting walks Anthony Eden as immaculate as if he had just come from his club. It has been said that if Eden put on a crumpled wrinkled suit in the morning there would not be a crease in it by the evening. His wide shoulders and slim hips are a joy to the tailors. He is always cool, collected and courteous but he packs a tough right just the same—if I may be allowed that sporting expression. Let me give you an example.

A little while ago Foreign Secretary Morrison was answering questions about the Festival of Britain; questions of such importance as why sandwiches cost sixpence and why a cup of coffee costs whatever it does.

Continued on page 33

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Health Insurance on the Horizon

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WITH the old-age pension an accomplished fact, Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare, has already trained sights on the next objective — national health insurance.

Mr Martin does not fool himself believing it will be easy.

Health insurance is a much trickier proposition than the old age pension (and that even took six years). However, he did get off to a good start. Quite unexpectedly he won the first battle without even having to fight it. He got the Government committed to a parliamentary committee on health insurance similar to that which wrote the ticket for the pension, and it starts work next year.

Martin would have had quite a tussle to get that pledge through cabinet. He would have been backed, of course, by such colleagues as Brooke Claxton and other liberals, but conservatives like Doug Abbott, C. D. Howe and Alphonse Fournier would have fought it hard and they would probably have won. Luckily for Martin, the Prime Minister himself indulged a debate about health insurance by letting fall an indiscreet remark in answer to a question. He expressed general approval of the Canadian Medical Association proposal for a nation-wide medical service plan under the doctors' own control. This impromptu statement from the PM brought the CCF in full cry, demanding to know what the Government had changed its policy and abandoned the notion of public health insurance.

Paul Martin, as Minister of Health had to reply. Five minutes before he got to his feet he was still not quite sure what to say. But as they walked down the aisle he asked the Prime Minister what about a parliamentary committee on the whole subject?

Mr St. Laurent had no objection; accordingly Mr. Martin told the House the Government will consider setting up a committee in January.

* * *

LITERALLY and legally it was not a promise, but it was quite close enough. The CCF will hold him to it to Martin's personal satisfaction. Some of his colleagues do not like the idea and were annoyed about it for a while. There is nothing they can do about it now.

When old-age pensions reached the same stage they were almost achieved. The parliamentary committee brought in a unanimous report which the Government promised in advance to implement. The provinces agreed to the necessary amendment of the British North America Act—and that's all there was to it. Pensions began in January for everybody of seventy and over, regardless of means. Health insurance is not by any means as imminent as all that.

For one thing, health is a provincial responsibility and nobody, least of all Ottawa, suggests that it should be otherwise. Therefore any national health insurance scheme must be definitely dependent on the most intimate collaboration of federal and provincial authority.

We have learned in the last six years if not before that co-operation of this kind is very difficult to get when eleven governments are involved. Moreover health insurance cannot work *Continued on page 30*



Cartoon By Eldridge

The doctors might like the idea but they'll insist on being consulted



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THE UNKNOWN GIANT OF CANADIAN MINING

By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTO BY KEN BELL

A shy, elderly and virtually anonymous man named Thayer Lindsley personally controls a fabulous international kingdom of gold, silver, copper, zinc and iron. With a genius for geology and finance he has made millions but he has never got around to buying a car

THE financial pages of Canadian newspapers in the past few months have heralded the discovery of new high grade ore at Giant Yellowknife, Canada's lusty gold producing youngster of the Northwest Territories; they have announced that United Keno Hill, the Yukon's big silver-lead-zinc producer, chalked up a two-and-a-half-million dollar profit in 1950; that Falconbridge Nickel of Sudbury and its expanding overseas refinery in Norway will spend millions of dollars to boost output for defense; that the "big two" of Canadian mining exploration, Ventures Ltd. and Frobisher Ltd., are pushing the search for titanium in Quebec, uranium in northern Saskatchewan, iron in British Columbia.

Mining editors have headlined a proposed thirty-three-million-dollar project to develop a fabulous copper-cobalt property in Uganda; they have announced that an American firm will reopen ancient silver mines in Greece; that Latin America's biggest gold mine, the La Luz of Nicaragua, has acquired substantial interests in a Californian tungsten mine and in promising mining properties of the Philippines, Costa Rica, Honduras and the state of Nevada.

There have been reports too of an exciting iron discovery in the western Sahara, of a Venezuelan move to expropriate the Guayana gold mine, and of mounting production from Southern Rhodesia's Connemara gold mine.

It is almost inconceivable yet every one of these enterprises is directed and financially controlled by one person—a reclusive mystery man whose genius for evading the limelight is exceeded only by his genius for geology and mining finance. He is Thayer Lindsley, undisputed No. 1 figure in Canadian mining who carved out Canada's biggest mineral empire and then went on to create another international empire just as great.

The twenty-one Lindsley controlled companies listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange are worth one hundred and sixty million dollars. Last year

This is the first time that Thayer Lindsley (in dark suit at head of table) has ever been photographed for publication.



the mines under his management produced forty million dollars worth of ore. Most mine executives claim Lindsley has contributed more to Canadian mining than any man now living. Yet the modest self-effacing Lindsley is said to be more delighted by the fact that he has kept his name out of all current biographies and Who's Who. While lesser mine-makers have been acclaimed, Lindsley has carefully and deliberately kept himself an anonymity concealed behind the names of some of the world's most famous mines.

No daily newspaper in the world has a picture of him or a file on his life. The Canadian Press files haven't a word on Lindsley. The one surviving Canadian who graduated from Harvard with Lindsley in 1903 recently replied to a telephone query "Lindsley? Sorry, I don't remember him. Never heard of the man."

Though sixty-nine this month Lindsley has more energy in his rangy, frail looking six-foot frame than most men half his age. His prodigious capacity for work and unembarrassed busyness put executives half his years to shame. The only time he relaxes is on a plane commuting between his Toronto and New York offices or traveling to one of his mining properties.

Lindsley is a multi-millionaire whose genius for seeing dollar signs in innocent-looking rocks has gained him executive posts on a list of companies so long it looks like a mining directory. His personal stake in one company at present market value, comes to about seven million dollars. Yet he lives far more simply than many of his own employees. He neither smokes or drinks. He has never owned a car. His favorite foods are apples and whole wheat bread. His dress is simple and unassuming. In Toronto he lives in a modest suburban home in Forest Hill. In New York he has an apartment on Park Avenue. He has never had more than one servant. He is so absorbed in the problem of mining and geology that he often forgets to carry enough money on trips. Friends have had to lend him a few dollars to tip the railway porter, buy a breakfast and get a taxi.

Mining is his whole life. He is president of ten mining companies, including the widely known Falconbridge Nickel and Giant Yellowknife Gold mines. He is president of South America's biggest gold mine, La Luz. He sits on the boards of fifteen others as well as on the board of Crown Trust Co.

Mining statistics show that the chances of developing an ore showing into a paying mine are about one in a hundred. One mine in a lifetime is enough for any one man to expect. But Lindsley has created eleven mines which have battled their way from unproven moose pasture to dividend-payer.

On the mining map are these monuments to his mine-making genius: Falconbridge Nickel of Sudbury; Sherritt Gordon, northern Manitoba's big producer of copper and silver; Giant Yellowknife, Beattie gold mine; Quebec Consolidated, gold mine in the Porcupine area of Ontario; United Keno Hill, Yukon; New Calumet, a zinc and lead producer on Calumet Island, Ottawa River; Canadian Malartic gold mine, Quebec; Matachewan Consolidated, a northern Ontario gold mine; La Luz gold, Nicaragua, and Connemara gold mine in Southern Rhodesia. (Sherritt Gordon and Beattie are now outside the Lindsley orbit of control.)

All but Sherritt Gordon and United Keno (where he had associates) were one-man shows in which Lindsley called the tune and paid the piper. There are half a dozen other Canadian mining men who have won more acclaim for creating three or four mines while Lindsley was pulling eleven into his lap.

These are merely Lindsley's more spectacular winners. There are forty to fifty other companies under his aegis. These include Metal Hydrides, whose plant at Massachusetts produced the first commercial quantities of uranium that helped flatten Hiroshima and Black Donald Graphite of eastern Ontario, Canada's only source of badly needed graphite for several years during the war. A score or more are infant companies carrying out exploration and development all over the world. Many are doomed to remain profitless holes in the rock. A few are almost certain to prosper as new-born Giant Yellowknives of tomorrow.

The corporate daddy of Lindsley's globe-girdling mining empire is Ventures Ltd., of Toronto. Canada's most aggressive mine exploration and holding company which controls about twenty mining firms, and holds smaller interests in another twenty.

Among these twenty-odd subsidiaries are eight which are in their turn holding companies like the parent Ventures and through these Ventures has control of still another score or so of companies. As one mining engineer puts it: "A owns B and B owns C and C owns D and therefore A owns the whole business."

Lindsley's biggest holding company, next to Ventures, is Frobisher Ltd., established during the World War II. Another is La Luz, which operates its own mine in Nicaragua as well.

HIS GREAT LOVE HAS ALWAYS BEEN MINES . . . NOT MONEY



Ore from Lindsley's Falconbridge travels to this plant in Norway to be refined



Bill Buzinsky pilots a mine locomotive deep in the rich United Keno Hill mine



Lindsley is president of Nicaragua's big gold mine, La Luz. Treatment plant shown



G. Keogh and J. Pike measure Mahnke River, Uganda, for power for a Lindsley project

They Don't Know Who Owns What

All of these companies are intricately tied together with Lindsley and his subordinates occupying the key positions in all of them. The same man may be president of two or three of them, vice president of two or three others, and so on. When Ventures or Frobisher acquires a promising looking mining property a new company is formed to develop it but a controlling percentage of the stock is always retained in one of the Lindsley holding companies. By 1945 Lindsley had so many affiliated companies under him that he ran out of names and simply called a new exploration company "Mines Inc."

Lindsley holds personal control over this vast maze simply by controlling one firm, Ventures. He has been president since it was organized in 1928. He owns thirty-five percent of the stock. Additional holdings by relatives and friends, which he controls by proxy, are said to bring it up to fifty percent. At the present market value of Ventures stock a thirty-five percent interest makes Lindsley a millionaire seven times over.

Tracing the ownership of some of Lindsley's smaller companies is as involved as following back the interlocking branches of Princess Elizabeth's family tree to determine how much of Henry VIII's blood she has in her veins. Some of Ventures' own executives have said that the setup is so complicated they sometimes don't know themselves who owns what.

Guayana Mines, a Lindsley-controlled gold producer in Venezuela, illustrates this complex investment ownership. Lindsley holds interests in Guayana through three reported channels and perhaps through a couple of others that haven't been reported.

First there is the Ventures channel. Lindsley controls half of Ventures which owns nine percent of Guayana. Then there is the La Luz channel. Ventures owns about three quarters of La Luz which owns twelve percent of Guayana. Third there is the Frobisher channel. Ventures owns fifty-five percent of Frobisher which holds thirty percent of Guayana's stock. All this brings Lindsley's own personal interest in Guayana to about seventeen percent. Actually his control is much firmer than this suggests for although eighty-three percent of Guayana stock is theoretically controlled by outsiders, Lindsley, by controlling the three holding companies, can line up their combined voting power of fifty-one percent behind all his decisions.

Multiply this Guayana chain of interlocking controls by the fifty odd other companies under the Ventures roof, most of which are owned and controlled by a pattern of stock distribution just as complicated as that involving Guayana, and you have a picture of the labyrinth of intermeshing corporations which has mystery-man Lindsley firmly ensconced in its driving seat.

"Mr. Lindsley holds the strings for all of them," says one Ventures executive, "and he pulls like the dickens."

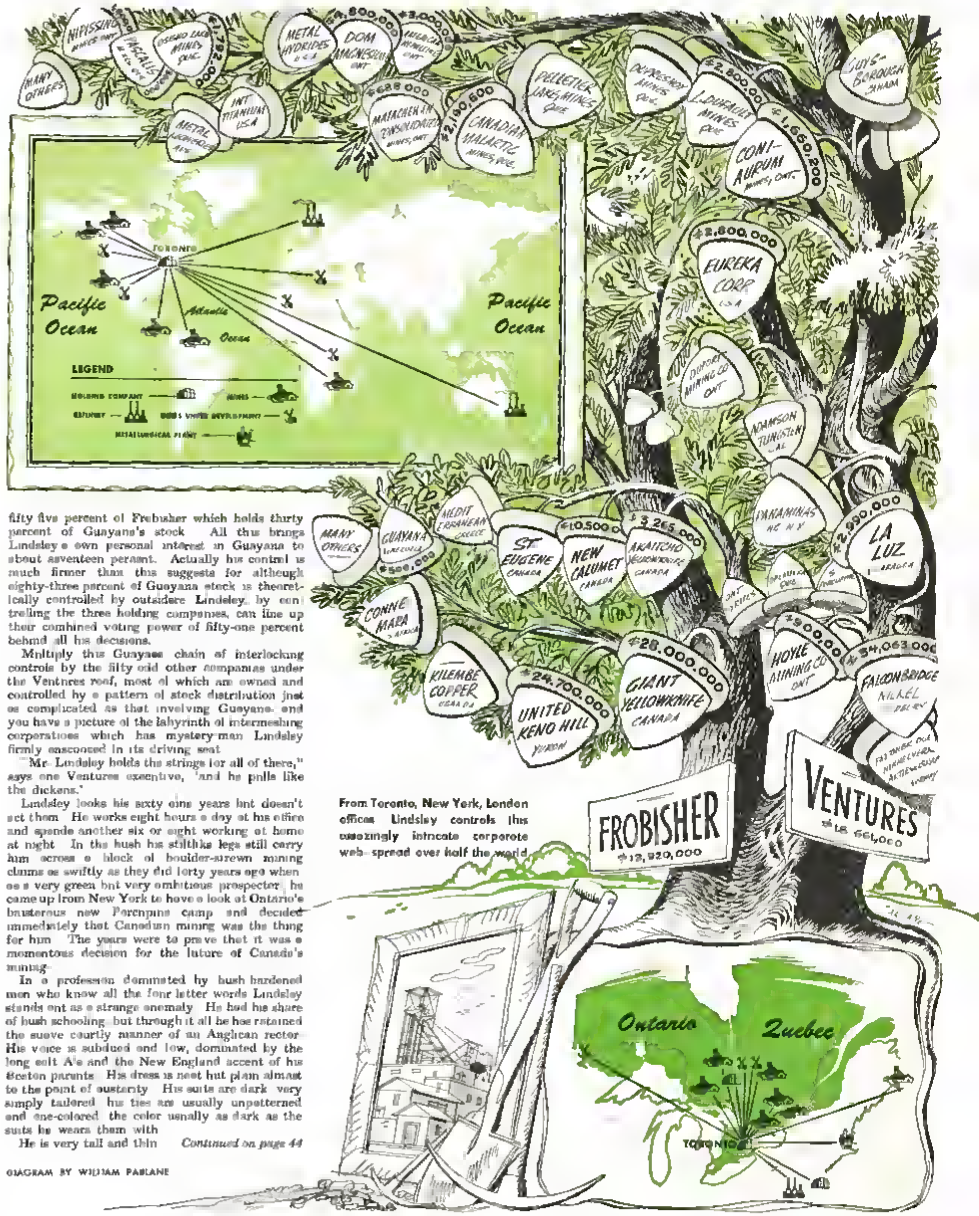
Lindsley looks his sixty-nine years but doesn't act them. He works eight hours a day at his office and spends another six or eight working at home at night. In the bush his stalwart legs still carry him across a block of boulder-strewn mining claims as swiftly as they did forty years ago when as a very green but very ambitious prospector, he came up from New York to have a look at Ontario's boisterous new Porcupine camp and decided immediately that Canadian mining was the thing for him. The years were to prove that it was a momentous decision for the future of Canada's mining.

In a profession dominated by bush-hardened men who know all the four letter words Lindsley stands out as a strange anomaly. He had his share of bush schooling, but through it all he has retained the suave courtly manner of an Anglican rector. His voice is subdued and low, dominated by the long-cult A's and the New England accent of his Boston parents. His dress is neat but plain almost to the point of austerity. His suits are dark, very simply tailored; his ties are usually unpatterned and one-colored; the color usually as dark as the suits he wears them with.

He is very tall and thin.

Continued on page 44

HOW THAYER LINDSLEY'S INTERNATIONAL MINING KINGDOM GREW



From Toronto, New York, London offices Lindsley controls this amazingly intricate corporate web spread over half the world

DIAGRAM BY WILLIAM PARLANE

IS A SENSE OF DUTY BREAKING THE KING?

His medical advisers say it is. "If the Commonwealth nations knew the full facts about the King's health and understood how he drives himself," says one specialist, "they would insist he take a year off duty to prolong his life"

By JOHN COTTON

LONDON

THE relentless job of being King has become too much of a physical strain for George VI. It has already undermined his health and may do worse unless the pressure is sharply relaxed. It is increasingly becoming the general view here in England that the limits have been reached and passed as far as the King is concerned.

Egypt's Farouk, in a private message of sympathy from one king to another recently put his finger firmly on what almost every Briton knows to be the reason for the King's present illness. "The King of England," he said, "is the hardest worked man in the world—and I don't exclude my own *fellaheen* who are in the fields before the sun is up and are still there when it sinks."

The first major signs of what this hard work was doing to the King became apparent toward the end of 1948 when he was ordered to rest and to cancel his more tiring public engagements. That proved not enough. By the middle of March 1949 the hidden condition that had so largely sapped his strength and caused him acute discomfort flared into an open imminent danger. An operation to free the flow of blood to his right limb—what medical men called a lumbar sympathectomy—was performed.

It is worth recalling what his doctors—six of them—said before they operated. "The King's general health continues to be excellent. In the left leg the flow of blood has been restored in the main arteries to a satisfactory degree. With a view to improving the blood supply to the right foot and to safeguard this for the future we have advised His Majesty that the operation of lumbar sympathectomy should be performed on the right side . . ."

What it all meant to the man in the street was that the King had a form of thrombosis—that the veins in his legs had "furred up" as a water-pipe will do—and that endless hours of standing and the endless treadmill of walking on his public duties had caused it all. And the man in the street was right.

What perhaps he did not realize was that the King's stubbornness of character, his steady and sometimes angrily expressed refusal to take things more easily, and his complete submergence in his job were the overruling factors.

The greatest day in the King's life, as in any other man's, was the day of his marriage. And something was said then which he has never forgotten. He says these words were among the most moving and true he ever heard: they were spoken by Cosmo Lang, then Archbishop of York, at the altar in Westminster Abbey:

> The nations and classes which make up our Commonwealth too often live their lives apart. It is therefore a great thing that there should be in our own midst one family which, regarded by all as a true sense their own, makes the whole Empire kin and helps to give it one family like. It is your privilege to be members of that family and that central home.
>
> You cannot resolve that your wedded life shall be happy. But you can and will resolve that it shall be noble. You will think not so much of enjoyment as of achievement. You will have a great ambition to make this one life new given to you something rich and beautiful. And you will, we are assured, resolve to make this wedded life of yours a blessing not only to yourselves but to others, not least to those who are in a world of toil and struggle have most need of help and cheer. The warm and generous heart of this people takes you today into itself.
>
> Will you not in response take that heart, with all its joys and sorrows, into your own?

He would, and has. He is, in fact, a dedicated man. This dedication and all that it entails is without question the reason for his ill health.

Those closest to the King know this is so. He also knows it, but it is almost impossible to get him to relax from the killing round of State duties or to readjust his conception of his job. He was recently shown a series of photographs of himself taken over the last five years. I have seen these and what the sense of deep shock they produced in me. The King's only comment was: "Yes, I *am* getting a little older."

It is my opinion (and it is supported by that of medical men to whom I have spoken) that the marked changes which these photographs show are directly related to his original illness.

No diagnosis of the disease for which his operation was performed has ever been made public, but there seems little doubt that it was, in fact, Buerger's disease (which narrows the arteries and cuts off circulation). The operation could not be guaranteed to cure this progressive inflammation of the blood vessels. It could at best afford relief for a time. In almost all cases the inflammation slowly builds up again and normally the affected limb has to be amputated.

There is of course no suggestion that the King's present illness marks a sudden return of his earlier trouble. He went down with a heavy cold and this affected also his throat and lungs—but more acutely than is ordinarily the case. He seems indeed to have missed pneumonia by the barest margin.

The Times was at pains recently to soothe the public apprehension—now undoubtedly in sharp focus—by saying in an editorial:

> Younger and less hardened people would have shaken it off quickly. The royal patient is a man of fifty-five who has undergone fifteen years of incessant anxiety such as few of our Sovereigns have been called upon to endure. It is not surprising that he has no longer the resilience of the young Duke of York who was called so evidently to the Throne in 1936 and that he takes longer now than he would have taken then to build up his strength after illness.

These urbane sentiments do nothing to allay the general uneasiness. For the conviction now lies deeply upon the nation's consciousness that the King has been monstrously overworked in its service, that he is working under the strain, and that only some drastic easing of the burden can be of real help to him. The true significance of such things as, for example, the boxes is now widely appreciated.

In the current situation "the boxes" take on an almost sinister air. They are the leather dispatch cases heavily embossed with the royal coat-of-arms which contain the State documents legally requiring the King's study and signature. They follow the King wherever he goes, be it to Windsor Castle, the Highlands, Buckingham Palace or Sandringham.

Seven Thousand Handshakes a Year

Come sickness, come health, come holidays, come Christmas with his family, they appear as relentlessly and remorselessly as fate itself. To a tired and much less than fit man they must seem like very essence of the chains which history and tradition have forged about the modern constitutional monarch. There is no escape from them. No deputy can take them over. They are for the King and the King alone.

Remembered now are facts like these:

- He averages seven hundred public appearances a year, most of them in heavy uniform, some of them in cumbersome State dress.
- He shakes hands with and speaks personally to an average of twenty people a day, seventy-three hundred a year, sometimes, as at an investiture, coping with more than two hundred people at one function.
- He drives or rides at least twenty thousand miles a year in England alone, year in, year out.

It is not difficult to gauge the strain this sort of thing imposes upon a physique which has at no time been robust or upon a nature which from boyhood was shy and retiring. There is, of course, this to be said: his family, as far as he will allow, helps him in every way open to it. He is deeply appreciative of this and therefore much resents the sort of pinpricks which Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret have been subjected to in some British and foreign newspapers. These have variously said or inferred that Elizabeth was neglecting her two children (by visiting Prince Philip in Malta) and that Margaret was "lost" (because she goes to night clubs and will occasionally dance until three in the morning). Princess Elizabeth's reception by the Pope during her Italian holiday did not pass without sharp words and "deep regrets" from certain Scottish churches, and Princess Margaret's love of the theatre and skiing for theatrical people (Danny Kaye, for instance) cause some prim eyebrow-raising.

A few weeks ago during an official visit by Norwegian King Haakon a columnist called Flavius in the New Statesman and Nation (which supports the Labor Government) took occasion to print some courtpost comments on the Royal Family.

Delayed in a bus by one of the now frequent royal processions," the touchy Flavius expressed the gravest disturbance whether those responsible for the administration of royalty are wise to place so much emphasis on these trappings and mummeries of the Crown which make it utterly remote from ordinary people and the perils of modern life." And he added: "If the Royal Family continue to be presented to the public merely as a nostalgic symbol of those good old days which the majority of their subjects hope never to see again the legend will soon be displaced by disillusion. Reform of the Court is overdue . . ."

It is probable that what Flavius said was right—but for the wrong reasons. Reform of the Court is overdue if, as is certainly now the case, its demands are slowly killing the man at its head.

As matters now stand the King has practically no privacy. For him the limelight is always at full blast and the music always plays. The least of his subjects has infinitely more freedom and enjoys a hundred more rights. No "boxes" pursue the private citizen on his holiday or his sickbed. If some burgher of Bootle, Lancs., has a stutter he pleases himself whether he attempts its cure or not. The King, in that as in so many other things, had no choice. He *had* to cure his stutter and it is a measure of his high sense of duty and his determination that he has succeeded, as is apparent to the millions who hear him on the radio each Christmas.

His mentor for his speech difficulties has for nearly a quarter of a century been Lionel Logue, an Australian specialist. There was a lot to be done when this able man was called in. The basic trouble lay far back in the King's childhood. His father, George V, was undoubtedly a domestic martinet of no mean order, as the Duke of Windsor indicates in his memoirs. Young Albert, sensitive and lonely, was left-handed. In the stern Victorian manner he was forced to change to the orthodox right. This is believed to be at the root of the psychological speech impediment which has plagued him in a greater or lesser degree down to the present day.

The stutter is not now especially noticeable in private conversation with his family or his friends. But a set speech which involves nervous strain will occasionally cause him trouble. Logue still vets the King's speeches for vocal snags and will suggest eliminating as far as possible words beginning with a k or g. *Continued on page 36*



1931 1943 1947 1949

Shown a series of photographs similar to these the King commented: "Yes, I *am* getting older." But he stubbornly refuses to take it easy.

SIX YEARS AGO



TODAY



A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

THE GREAT REINDEER TREK

For five years Audrew Bahr and his men fought their way across the roof of the world with a herd of reindeer to try to make a dream come true in the Canadian Arctic. He won through and became a hero for a day. But it cost him his health and his wealth

By IAN MacNEILL

ILLUSTRATED BY ED McNALLY



Laplander Andrew Bahr found that people were "worse than the wolves." While he was in the Arctic his savings vanished



Wolves harried the herd in 50 below weather. The caribou swept them up in their migrations. Blizzards and glare ice swollen rivers and flies all added severe hazards in the epic journey from Alaska to the Mackenzie Delta.

ON A HILL near Kotzebue Sound in northwest Alaska a stocky slightly stoop-shouldered man stood gazing out toward the east where somewhere behind the white rolling hills lay the Barren Lands of northern Canada. It was Christmas Day 1928. Andrew Bahr was reviewing his army before he set out to march it across the roof of the world.

It was perhaps the most unruly and exasperating army in history. It was deployed below him and it totaled 3,195 reindeer, three Laplanders —fellow countrymen of Bahr's—a surgeon, six Eskimos and their families, and eight reindeer dogs.

The reindeer had been bought by the Canadian Government from the "reindeer kings of Alaska," the Lomen Reindeer Corporation. Andrew Bahr was the deliveryman. His job was to herd the animals through some of the wildest and most desolate country in the Arctic to the east side of the Mackenzie River delta, in Canada, about 1,800 miles away.

The high purpose of the drive was to supply reindeer herds for Canada's Eskimos, to try to wean them from precarious trapping to the more secure life of herdsman. The trek was expected to take eighteen months to complete.

Actually it was not until February 1935, five years and two months later, that Bahr fulfilled his contract. He fought weather, wolves, flies, boredom and, above all, reindeer. All the herders who started the trek with Bahr deserted him before it was half over.

The journey was an epic of Arctic travel that caught the interest of the world but more than that it was the triumph of a handful of men over thousands of the most ornery creatures man ever herded. It was, says a government bulletin in a remarkable piece of understatement, "a unique event in the history of livestock management."

Laplander Bahr, at 57, was the top reindeer man in North America. He was chief herder for the Lomens and chief warden of reindeer herds that numbered hundreds of thousands, descendants of a group of 1,200 brought from Siberia to Alaska in the years 1891-1901 by the U. S. Government.

When he began the great trek he was at the peak of a career that would have astonished his humble Lapp parents. By their standards he was immensely rich. The Americans paid him well just for doing the chores that were part of every Lapp's life. He even owned property—two apartment buildings in Seattle. He had a measure of local fame. At an age when most men are thinking of retirement he was eagerly starting an adventure that, for physical reasons alone, would terrify most men of 30. But Bahr was sure he would be equal to it. His sun-stained wind-lined face and his chunky body had been toughened by a lifetime of Arctic toil.

Bahr went into the Arctic on this trek a vigorous man in top physical condition. He came out an old man, no longer fit for his life's work. He went into the Arctic a moderately wealthy man. He came out financially ruined. It was a hard five years.

The trek was an attempt to save the Eskimos from the results of easy money. The white man, by teaching the Eskimo to trap white fox and paying him cash, had changed him from a hunter to a nomad trapper. But the white fox market had dwindled, starvation was a yearly threat and cannibalism had become a police problem.

To the harassed government men reindeer herds for the Eskimo seemed to be the answer, for the reindeer is really nothing more than a domesticated caribou and is considered to be the cattle of the Arctic. A royal commission recommendation started a hunt for grazing grounds and two Greenlanders, Erling and Robert Porsild, found these on the east side of the Mackenzie River delta.

The Porsilds reported the area large enough to support half a million reindeer, and recommended purchase of Alaska reindeer. Federal parliament voted $120,000 to establish the herd.

Erling Porsild went to Alaska to help Bahr make the selection. His brother Robert went to Aklavik on the Mackenzie to get ready for the reindeer. Thus the great trek began.

The start of the trek, and the first two years, not only caught the imagination of Press and public, but set some men to thinking about profits from reindeer. A Minnesota "reindeer raising syndicate" sought permission to pasture herds on crown lands in Ontario's Thunder Bay district. The Provincial Government turned them down: cheap reindeer meat and cheese would hurt the farmers.

In Calgary a man was charged with false pretenses. He had sold a Calgarian four "racing" reindeer at $450 on the story that he was promoting reindeer races in Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, using Lapps as jockeys.

Selecting the animals gave Bahr and his men a foretaste of the actual trek. Once, when a herd of 10,000 from which the trek deer were to be picked was almost gathered, a blizzard hit suddenly. The whole herd panicked and scattered. It took eight days of anxious work to round them up again. Finally 3,195 were selected. The 195 were to replace losses on the trek but actually few of the reindeer which started the journey were alive to complete it. Their places were filled by births en route.

The route lay eastward, toward the headwaters of the Nappaktolik River, then northeast, through mountain passes to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, then east again along a 10 mile-wide 250-mile-long strip between the ocean and the mountains. The first winter was to bring the herd close to the Canadian border.

That was the plan. The reindeer had other ideas. Bahr wanted to go east. The reindeer were determined to go back west. The first winter was practically a loss: a halt was called in March only about 200 miles from the starting point. Each storm panicked the deer and hundreds would break away for home. After them would go a party of herders and the small short haired black and white reindeer dogs.

Dr. Ehnuson, the surgeon, froze his lungs and a runner was sent to the nearest radio transmitter to summon a plane to fly him out.

Spring, summer and part of the fall were spent resting, supervising the lowing and trying to keep the deer from stampeding under incessant insect attacks. More than 1,500 fawns were born that summer. Rather than kill off the unneeded surplus Bahr rounded up about 500 of the mothers with their fawns and had them driven back to Kotzebue Sound.

Finally in November Bahr got the herd on the move again. A relay system, using 15 dog teams, was set up to haul supplies from the Alaskan coast. But when they reached the Hunt River in January the reindeer refused to cross. The glare from the ice confused the leaders. They would balk, scaring the others and the old wearisome roundup would take place again.

Bahr at last had to get his herders to clear paths across the river and carry snow out to them to cover the glare of the ice. It was slow work but it did the job. The crossing took most of the winter.

Then the party ran short of food and supplies had to be flown in from the coast. That was the last contact. *Continued on page 47*

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE WITH A DOUBLE

By VICTORIA JOHNSON

PHOTOS BY ROCBEL — PANDA

Even their mother can't always tell which twin is which. Whenone gets a toothoche, so does the other. The men who married Vic thought at first he wos dating her sister

A TALL good looking man stopped me on the street the other day and thanked me profusely for the insurance tip. He had sold policies on my two little nurses, he said, and he appreciated my suggesting their names. I started to answer but in true salesman fashion he carried the conversation and I didn't have a chance. Finally with a jaunty "Cheerio," he left me. I had never seen the man before in my life and I haven't any nieces. But I do have an identical twin who has two nieces by marriage. This poor man was just one of many who have mistaken one of us for the other.

Without going too deeply into biology I should perhaps explain how twins occur. There are two types of twins: fraternal and identical. Fraternal twins are simply two children born about the same time. They may be quite different, one a boy and one a girl, one with straight black hair and one with curly red hair. Identical twins come from the same egg cell. Sometimes the egg cell divides into two cells which separate and develop into two individuals. These two individuals have the same combination of genes (which determine development) the same as the egg cell from which both derive. They are the same sex, since the individual's sex depends upon his genes, and under ordinary circumstances they develop exactly alike. In other words from the standpoint of heredity identical twins are the same individual in duplicate. My sister Betty and I are identical twins.

What is it like to have an exact living duplicate of oneself? It is sometimes confusing, often embarrassing, occasionally presents complications but always it is fun. It is like being a celebrity without having done anything. People stare and whisper and point. Some even stop and ask questions.



Betty, left, Vic right. They got two cents for a nickel.

The potentialities of our close resemblance were brought home to Betty and me at an early age. Well meaning people continually made us aware we were different from other children. We were "the Twins." Unknowingly they filled our impressionable minds with conceit. However, after mother found us one day holding hands in front of a mirror and cooing "Aren't they darlings?" extra precautions were taken to keep our egotism under control.

Parents of twins should see that the twins don't steal the show. I well remember my small brother's frantic attempts to get attention. One of his favorite tricks was to take off his clothes, pile them neatly under the hedge and run down the street like Nature Boy. Other children should be made to feel important too. Mother and father were aware of this and did what they could to achieve it. They sent my older sister to boarding school where she became an individual in her own right. My younger brother went to summer camps where he had a chance to show off without the "wretched twins" as he sometimes called us.

Betty and I learned early that two heads are better than one and if the two heads happen to be exactly alike that is even better. When we were six I found a way to keep us in ice cream cones at half the price other kids were paying. We'd wheedle a nickel each from one grandfather, then Betty would hide her nickel in the toe of her shoe and we'd nonchalantly enter a store and order two cones. Betty would take a quick lick of hers while I followed on mine. I would then pay for mine while Betty began one of those well-rehearsed searches that starts in the pockets and goes on endlessly. Wearing an expression of the utmost concern she would end the struggle by saying in a small sad voice "I've lost my nickel. Here's your cone back." Of course the proprietor always felt that what one twin had the other should have too and told her to keep it. Bursting with glee we would race out to the street. Our reserve capital was held for rigging the market that afternoon.

Fortunately Clarksburg, our home town on Georgian Bay, Ont., was too small to pull this stunt too often, and we were found out before we became hardened criminals.

We were exposed to music when we reached school age. While mathematics came easy to me, my twin was good at the piano. I hated practicing. Even more I resented being kept away from Betty during practice periods. Mother knew how futile it would be to have us practise together. What she overlooked for some time was that Betty was doing all the practicing. (Poor mother couldn't tell us apart from the back.) She also took my lessons when we thought we could get away with it. I spent many lonely hours during these months but at least I wasn't at the hateful piano.

In classifying twins as identical or fraternal geneticists use correlation tests (doctors' reports are no longer considered enough evidence). By comparing twins on the basis of characteristics known to be inherited it can be determined whether they are identical. The factors used for comparison include blood group, blood pressure, pulse, respiration, eye color and vision, palm, sole and finger prints, hair color, hair whorls and brain-wave patterns. The similarity in these characteristics is much greater between identical twins than between fraternal twins.



Now married they can still fool most people. Can you pick them? See page 53

Our similarity was so close that if Betty had a toothache I had one too. For a long time our dental troubles were the same. We had all the childhood diseases together and in nearly every case the same reaction to the disease.

When she was sixteen Betty had her appendix removed and for the first time I didn't have any of her symptoms. Father bought us a used car to drive to school while Betty was getting her strength back. We had a wonderful time with that car. But after six months father looked at his gas accounts and decided the car must go. That was a blow as we felt the old car had given us added prestige among our fellow students.

That night I woke with a pain in my side and a few days later I too had an appendectomy. Until I started to write this I never questioned that I had appendicitis. The pain was real at the time and I wouldn't have had the courage to go through an operation unless it had seemed necessary. But now I wonder if my subconscious didn't enter into it. I wouldn't go to our family doctor but insisted on seeing another. Perhaps subconsciously I knew our doctor might have seen through my pain. Anyway I matched Betty again, even to the appendix scar, and we kept the car.

We graduated from the local high school but not in a blaze of glory. Still the principal did point out that our exploits in our scholastic achievements, would long be remembered. We constantly traded seats entering our teachers no end of annoyance. If one of us was asked to remain after school one of us did but not always the right one. At the school parties and dances we often switched dates. I well remember dancing with Betty's date one night at the high school.

"You know Betty," he said, "Vic and you are certainly alike but you are a much better dancer." I replied, "Thank you very much. I'll tell Betty — you see *I'm* Vic." The poor boy tried to avoid me for the rest of the evening but he could never be sure which one of us to keep away from. I suppose most teen-agers discuss their dates and tell each what the man of the moment is like. We didn't bother. We simply traded dates and found out for ourselves.

During these years we were so closely matched that there was never any rivalry or jealousy between us. We lived alike, looked alike and appeared to think alike. Group studies have shown, however, that identical twins are never exactly the same even though they may appear similar in most respects. This finally became evident to Betty and me when we were eighteen and beginning to think about choosing a career.

Our parents and friends had taken it for granted that whatever we did we would do it together. Although we never discussed it seriously Betty and I thought we'd wind up in the same career too. But this carefree harmony was abruptly shattered the day Betty said casually, "I've decided we should be nurses."

I was appalled. The idea of being a nurse simply didn't appeal to me. I bluntly said so and it provoked our first serious quarrel. I wept and argued but it was no use. Betty had made up her mind; she wanted to be a nurse.

A few months later she was accepted for training at the General Hospital at Belleville two hundred miles away. Tearfully I helped her pack and kissed her good-by. We now faced our first real separation. Betty knew where she was going and was happy about it. I was miserable. Our parents say now they should have encouraged us to seek separate interests earlier, but up to that time we had been perfectly happy together. Betty may have been influenced by a kind nurse she had while in hospital during her appendectomy. My only impression of nursing was that nurses had to work hard and had long hours.

I spent a miserable eight months at a business college in Toronto. Life lost its sparkle. I left out of things. I had always depended on Betty for so much that I didn't seem to know how to mix with other people. I couldn't make friends having always been used to the limelight as a twin, it was a blow to shrink into the background as a mere average individual. Nothing had prepared me for this and I resented it. I urged Betty to give up nursing so we could go on together again. However she seemed to have developed a more mature outlook and was happy in her work.

One day before I finished my business course I felt certain that Betty was sick. I had felt miserable all day — no definite symptoms — I just felt awful. That night mother called to say that Betty had undergone an emergency operation and she and father were driving to see her. They picked me up on the way and by this time I was really upset. By the time we reached Belleville I knew I could no longer stand being separated from my twin.

Betty was lying pale and ill in the high hospital bed. She reached out and took my hand. "Don't you cry, Vic," she said. "Don't you dare cry." My mood was made up. I'd be a nurse. At that moment I wanted to be a Florence Nightingale to the world.

I started out to see the matron about enrolling in the next class. On my way I met the surgeon who had operated on Betty that morning. He was visibly shaken, as it certainly looked as though his patient was up and dressed and walking down the hall. No one had told him Betty had a twin sister.

The superintendent of nurses was very understanding. Perhaps she saw that my need to be with my sister was greater than my desire to be a nurse, but nevertheless she accepted me. I stayed with Betty until she reached the convalescent stage and then went home to get ready for my nursing career.

The great day finally dawned and I again left home to be with Betty. Breathless with excitement I left the train and *Continued on page 53*



At school dances the twins looked partners (Vic left).

ME AND MY TRUE LOVE

By the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond
the girl with the red-gold hair
proudly waited
for her fighting MacGregor.
And who's to say he didn't send her
the song you know so well?

IT WAS APRIL 1746. The doomp western winds blowing across the loch from Ben Vorlich carried a new warmth that was melting the last streaks of snow on the flanks of Ben Lomond. On the braes sloping down to the water the snow had gone completely except in the hollows leaving bare muddy ground and patches of draggled heather. The ice had gone from the loch. Its water ley like a hard, glittering sheet of mica reflecting the swirling, surly greyness of the sky. Graceful white birches leaned over the water's edge with yellow-green buds inching out along their red branches. Winter still covered the peak of Ben Lui and clung to its sides with elews that raked white gashes down the rock. But spring was coming to the shores of Loch Lomond.

Along the lonely lake side walked a girl, a tall girl whose red gold hair blew loose in the wind in lines that accented the sharpness of her features. She walked slowly, as if performing a duty, her dark green cloak pulled tight around her, and her eyes on the ground. At the mouth of a deep glen that stretched back in the shadow of dark pines between two mighty shoulders of Ben Lomond she stopped and turned to face the wind that blew across the narrow loch. She drank it in with a keen light in her eyes. It seemed to tell her something painful for she winced and started to go on. A voice spoke behind her.

"Ye shouldna gae here by yoursel', Mistress Dunn, and a' the broken men abroad. It'll come to nae guid."

The girl turned slowly. She recognized the speaker and smiled. It was old Angus shuffling out of the woods bent over under a load of faggots. "I'll be all right, Angus," she said. "This is the only place I do feel safe."

The old man eased his burden to the ground and spat into a lingering snowbank. "It was here ye'd be meetin' him," he challenged.

"Aye. Here."

"He's nae guid lookin' for him again. He'll nae be comin' back."

A quick shadow fell over the girl's eyes and she spoke tensely. "He will come back. Alec has gone to take care of it. He'll get to London if he must."

"The *saighearan ruadh*, the red soldiers, they let gae a' nane they take. Least of a' a MacGregor with a price on his head for his name. He'll nae be comin' back unless *Phrionsa Tearlach* tears doun Carlisle. Stane by stane."

"Then the prince will tear down Carlisle. Is there news today, Angus?"

The old man drew a hand over his grizzled beard. "Only mair red solchers at Dumbarton."

"The prince will fight again, won't he? He can't win staying in the mountains."

"There'll be mair fechtin'. Old Mhairi saw the dead flyin' through the air last nicht in their shrouds and there's keenin' in the north. There'll be fechtin again, and blind on the claymores. And on the bayonets."

Dunn's face went pale. "No, Angus, no," she breathed.

The old Highlander shrugged, hitched up his dirty kilt, and went off down

Continued on page 40

By DOUGLAS CARMICHAEL

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD TOWN

Bonnie Prince Charlie led his men to conquer England and all Edinburgh turned out to cheer.



President Roosevelt holds a press conference on Canadian soil. It was on Campobello in 1921 that he caught the disease which crippled him.

F.D.R'S CANADIAN ISLAND

On New Brunswick's Campobello, Franklin Delano Roosevelt learned to swim, sail and talk with the "Harvard" accent of fishermen. He wasn't born there, though a lot of folk who still miss him like to believe that he was

By IAN SCLANDERS

F.D.R's august parents built the family's twenty-five-room summer "cottage" in 1884



IN SEASIDE New Brunswick there's an island with an area of twenty square miles, a population of fourteen hundred fisher-folk, and a lot of memories of one of history's great figures.

It is called Campobello and it's where Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who led the United States through world depression and world war, spent some of his happiest and his most tragic days. It's where he acquired his famous "Harvard" accent and his distinctive oratorical style, and where he was attacked by the disease that left him crippled.

On wave-beaten cliff-girt Campobello, near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, Roosevelt learned to swim, sail a boat, hunt and cast a trout fly. Here he made his first speech, here he escaped from the apron strings of a domineering, class-conscious mother and discovered the dignity of humble hard-working people, and here he reached his decision to enter politics.

There is a persistent rumor that he was born on this island and suppressed the fact to further his career. Like a number of other F.D.R. legends, this lacks truth. The evidence indicates that his biographers are correct in stating, as they do, that he was born at Hyde Park, New York.

But he visited Campobello each year from his early childhood. He and Eleanor Roosevelt strolled hand-in-hand over its rugged trails when they were engaged, honeymooned in its familiar surroundings, and vacationed on it as young parents.

And here, on the night of Aug. 17, 1915, while F.D.R. paced anxiously up and down like any husband whose wife is in labor, a hurriedly summoned general practitioner delivered his third son, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr.

The improvised delivery room in the rambling Roosevelt cottage was lighted by the yellow rays of an oil lamp and the door was draped with the Stars and Stripes. The flag was the idea of F.D.R., then the assistant secretary of the U.S. Navy. Perhaps he felt it proclaimed that the room was a little part of the United States, even though it was on Canadian soil. Whether the gesture was purely sentimental, or had legal significance, may eventually be determined by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Of the four sons of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Franklin Jr., who represents New York's twentieth congressional district at Washington, is most like F.D.R. He resembles him in appearance, outlook and personality, and shows promise of having the same talent for winning votes. He is already being mentioned as a possible candidate for the White House.

But the constitution says the president must be a native-born citizen. This has been interpreted as meaning born in the United States, and Franklin Jr. could not run for the highest office in his country unless the Supreme Court cleared his status and declared him eligible.

The legend that F.D.R. himself was born on Campobello may have resulted from the fact he being confused with the son. Perhaps to give it added spice, or perhaps because his opponents used it in an effort to discredit him, it is generally accompanied by the positive assertion that Roosevelt knowingly went to the White House under false pretenses and in violation of the constitution, and that all he did while he was there (from 1933 until his death in 1945) was illegal.

He Was Never Called Frank

While Roosevelt was president a number of Americans, prompted by curiosity or a desire to obtain grounds for impeachment, tried in vain to find something to substantiate the tale. They thronged through New Brunswick's birth registrations and are reported to have paid at least one private detective to question Campobello residents. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for the story, interesting as it is, cannot be fitted into the facts.

Historians agree that F.D.R. was born Jan. 30, 1882. A note in the Hyde Park diary of his father, James, under that date, reads: "At quarter to nine my Sally had a splendid large baby boy. He weighs ten pounds without his clothes."

James and Sara Roosevelt (Sally was a pet name) would certainly not have been on storm-swept Campobello at the end of January 1882 even had they had a cottage there then. And the records show that their cottage was not built until 1884.

In 1881 the island, long the private domain of the sealaring Owen family of Wales which produced three admirals for the Royal Navy, was purchased by a Boston and New York syndicate and developed as a resort for the wealthy. The syndicate put up two summer hotels, the Tyn Y Coed (Welsh for House of the Forest) and the Tyn Y-Maes (House of the Fields). It also sold land to well-heeled Americans of appropriate social standing.

James and Sara Roosevelt *Continued on page 34*



Franklin with his mother, Sara (Sally). She frowned when he played at the island wharves.



Campobello's John Cahler knew Roosevelt from boyhood and spoke at his memorial.



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt went back to the island in 1946 to accept neighborly condolences.



ONTARIO SCRAPS ITS HORSE-AND-BUGGY LIGHTS

For fifty years the rest of Canada has poked fun at Ontario's flickering lights. Now, in the world's biggest power conversion job, Ontario Hydro is spending two hundred millions to bring a million consumers up to date

By GEORGE HILLYARD ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM WINTER

IN 1947 the CBC broadcast a radio satire by Lister Sinclair called We All Hate Toronto. The story concerned an impulsive young Canadian named Charlie who, in spite of the warnings and pleadings of friends and relatives, decided to go on a trip to Toronto. Preparing for the expedition Charlie went to his local department store, where he was outfitted for living in Toronto. Among other things the store clerk recommended dark glasses.

"Why?" asked Charlie.

"Toronto electricity is a twenty-five cycle planet," said the clerk. "All the lights go flickerty-flick. If you don't have dark glasses your eyes'll pop out of their sockets and roll around the joint like billiard balls."

"Then I'll take two pairs," said Charlie.

"One'll be enough," the clerk said. "In a month you'll be used to it, and in two months you'll be completely blind."

To the rest of Canada, outside southwestern Ontario's 25-cycle power area, Sinclair's five-year-old radio dig may seem obscure. That's because almost every community in North America enjoys the flickerless benefits of electricity that alternates 60 cycles a second. But to eight hundred thousand consumers who have suffered the inconveniences of the outmoded Toronto-Niagara Falls-Windsor power system, the point is as sharp as an electric shock.

For one thing, flickering lights are now partly responsible for the largest, most troublesome and most expensive electrical converting job ever undertaken—the Ontario Hydro Commission's Frequency Standardization Program. During the next ten years, by converting the entire power system that feeds southwest Ontario, this program promises to take care of the last major electrical anachronism on the continent: current that alternates just 25 cycles slower than the continental standard.

To the layman the difference between 25 and 60 cycles may seem academic. Reduced to its simplest terms it means that modern-style current alternates quicker than the eye can see: sixty times in one second. The old-fashioned kind, which alternates only twenty-five times a second, can be detected in the flicker of a light bulb. Ontario hung right beside Niagara Falls, where the first major alternating power was pioneered, got its electrical start around the turn of the century on the old-style power. A few years later most engineers conceded 60 cycles provided a better and cheaper power, and new communities began installing 60-cycle generators. As 60 became the established frequency other 25-cycle industrial areas converted one by one, to the continental standard. Eventually southwest Ontario was left as the only large 25-cycle island in a 60-cycle sea.

In the last few years this situation has given the 25-cycle consumer more cause for headaches than flickering lights. Manufacturers and farmers have pointed enviously to the cheaper, more modern motors that would be available to them if their power were 60-cycle. Toronto housewives have had to pass up a long list of electric appliances designed only for the 60-cycle market. Many industries have been giving southwest Ontario the go-by, frightened by the cost of special equipment required to use the off-standard power. People moving in and out of the area have had a large home appliance conversion bill on their hands every time their equipment moves with them. Last September, when accountant Tom Grimley moved from 60-cycle Belleville, Ont., to the 25-cycle Toronto suburb of Westmount, it cost him almost two hundred dollars to convert his washing machine and exchange his refrigerator. It would have cost more if he hadn't decided to keep his 60-cycle record player, clock and fan until last spring when his neighborhood was switched to 60 cycles.

These are some of the reasons why Ontario Hydro finally decided in 1948 it could no longer remain the only major holdout in a modern electrical world. Hydro took a long hard look at the situation, calculated the cost at about two hundred million dollars and called in an electrical contracting firm, the Canadian Comstock Company, to go to work on the actual changeover. Working at top speed, Comstock will take about ten years and, with supplies the way they are, perhaps longer.

During that ten years every electrified house, barn, store and factory in the thirteen thousand-square mile area has to be combed top to bottom for an estimated five million pieces of equipment that must be modified, rebuilt or replaced before the job can be completed. Millions of new motors must be ordered, shipped and paid for by Hydro and installed by Comstock. Hundreds of engineers and electricians will travel hundreds of thousands of miles in more than fourteen hundred vehicles, ranging from jeeps to monstrous mobile trailer units, to carry out the mammoth remodeling scheme.

Already about one hundred and fifty thousand consumers have acquired the new 60-cycle look. During the past two years housewives in London, industrialists in Windsor, store owners in Sarnia and farmers north of Toronto have watched the army of men in red trucks march relentlessly block by block, section by section through the cities, towns and rural communities. They've seen their treasured electrical units ripped apart and stripped of their old mechanism, then reassembled in a couple of hours with good-as-new workings, all set to operate on the new power.

In their travels the workmen are called on to change thousands of different kinds and styles of equipment in everything from electric door chimes to mammoth electric motors. In domestic conversion alone they have to contend with one hundred and forty-seven different models of refrigerator—two hundred and forty-four different kinds of washing machine, one hundred and forty different makes of clock and dozens of models of oil furnaces, radio-gramophones, electric razors and so on. At least these are all standard models with regular engineering procedures laid down. The going gets tougher when engineers come in contact with the electrical hobbyist. A few weeks ago they went to one home where twenty-two items had to be converted—all home-made. In Kipling, 10 miles west of Toronto, one consumer had rigged an electric treadle to let his cat in and out of the back door. That had to be converted along with the rest of the household equipment.

To Tom Grimley's household the whole conversion operation seemed simple enough. A Comstock truck rolled up to the house at 5:30 the morning of "Cut Day" (Hydro's name for the date of a power switch in any region). Two men pulled the power plugs from every piece of equipment due for conversion. Then one of them went after the Grimley oil burner, while the other took apart the washing machine. A few minutes later two more men appeared and took away the insides of Mrs. Grimley's refrigerator. They were seen back with a new unit which they fastened into place in fifteen minutes. Around 10:30 the power was shut off by a man on top of a Hydro pole at the end of the block. The Grimley hour had used its last 25-cycle power. An hour later 60 cycles was running through the wires and Mrs. Grimley dusted off her Belleville bought record player, clock and fan, plugged them in and returned to her household routine. By noon there wasn't a Comstock truck in sight. The Grimleys were converted. So was every other house on the block.

Three months earlier a Hydro man had called at the Grimleys' to check the make, model and serial number of every appliance to be converted. Another called a week before Cut Day to see if any new pieces had been added. These were the only contacts the Grimleys had with their power company before conversion started. But while they waited for their extra cycles Hydro was working on all the data picked up from their district.

The technical information went first to a group of engineers who checked details on the make and model of the three items listed from the Grimley residence—the refrigerator, oil furnace and washing machine. Sixty-cycle replacement parts were available for all these items, so orders for the motors went to the manufacturers who supplied the original models. From the manufacturers the parts were shipped to a warehouse where they were marked with the Grimleys' code number and stored ready for use on Conversion day.

In this case the job was simple, but not all households are that easy. One East York home with thirty-nine pieces *Continued on page 48*

An army of men in red trucks is on the march, attacking milking machines and kitchen stoves.



Hydro converts the housewife's electrical gadgets to 60 cycles free. Industrial plants pay one third, and some don't like it.



As long as they run at all, old electric clocks and fans can be turned in for brand-new models — for a small extra charge.

HOW ERNIE DOUGLASS BEAT HIS STUTTER

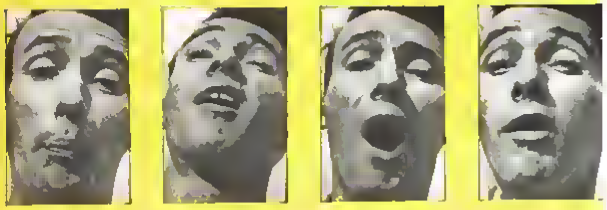


Douglass watches closely while a patient, Fred Burnett, studies his own stutter in a mirror.



Ernest Douglass

He used to carry calling cards because he often couldn't say his own name. They called him "Yammering Douglass." Then, after years of painful struggle, he hit upon the revolutionary treatment that is helping scores of Canadians master this serious, mysterious affliction



THE CLINICAL CAMERA SHOWS FRED BURNETT IN SEVERE STUTTERING SPASM

By SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

FOR the first twenty-five years of his life, Ernest Douglass the thirty ought-year-old Scotsman who heads the Speech Clinic of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital, stuttered so badly he was nicknamed "Yammering Douglass." He feels that while cruel this was fairly descriptive. Each sentence was painfully broken by awkward pauses during which Douglass closed his eyes, opened his mouth and grotesquely jerked his head back and forth.

But today after a long and arduous struggle, Douglass is a fluent speaker. In attaining fluency he learned so much about stuttering that he is now employing radically new methods to help others conquer this ancient and painful affliction. "I've got a good memory," he says. "I generally know what my patients are feeling and thinking."

The Speech Clinic is the first all-out scientific attack on stuttering ever to be made in Canada and will serve to broaden the world-a slim store of knowledge on this mysterious affliction. The careful scientific approach to the problem, a result of Douglass' own painful battle with his stutter, represents a giant step forward from the days less than a century ago when a French surgeon was treating stutterers by cutting small chunks from their tongues.

Many people regard the stutterer as a figure of fun. Some years ago Roscoe Ates rose to movie fame with his stuttering routine. However, this isn't remotely funny to Canada's one hundred and fifty thousand stutterers, who every day of their lives pay a shocking price for their handicap—emotionally, socially and economically. The stutterer lives in constant fear of being humiliated. He is frustrated because he is constantly being held back by his lack of fluency.

The suffering of the stutterer starts in childhood. Parents and teachers sometimes scold and even punish him for his defect, other children ridicule him. As an adult he is often avoided because people are embarrassed by his agonizing efforts to speak. Ernest Douglass knows one stutterer who couldn't make the proper responses at his wedding ceremony. Another asked for his name while registering at a hotel had such a violent speech spasm that the desk clerk had him bundled into an ambulance. Another sold his house at a loss and moved away because he couldn't say his address without a spasm. Still another became so discouraged that he gave up talking for five years, pretending to be dumb. He later became one of Douglass' most successful patients.

Even though he may have special abilities, the stutterer often prefers mediocre jobs where he'll remain unnoticed. One of Douglass' brightest patients works in a factory because he can shout fluently above the din of the machinery. Others go on dreading the day when they may be fired. A young fireman always made it his business to be far away from the telephone bell, he have to answer an emergency call. A newspaperman suffered so much from nervous exhaustion, even after a routine day, that he had to be down for two hours before he could eat his dinner at night.

The stutterer's freedom of choice is limited. In a restaurant he'll often order items he can pronounce in preference to what he wants. "I'm sick and tired of oysters and omelets," remarked a stutterer who doesn't block on words starting with vowels.) Out shopping, he'll buy goods he can point to, rather than try to describe what he needs. Mortally afraid of the telephone, most stutterers become inveterate letter writers. Socially, the stutterer shies away from situations where talking is required. One young man abandoned all sports in his childhood because he couldn't shout like the rest of the team. An attractive girl avoids dates and parties and never speaks unless spoken to; she's regarded by her working associates as cold and queer.

The stutterer is usually surprised by Douglass' unorthodox approach to his problem, which seems to be: "Get in there and stutter." He explains that the stutterer, because of fear, is suffering more from the things he does to avoid stuttering than from stuttering itself. Douglass reduces this fear by giving the patient a scientific attitude to his stutter. One of the ways he does this is to send the stutterer out into the community to stutter freely in situations he has been avoiding for years. Only after the stutterer has conquered his fear and learned the duteile of his handicap is he ready to go to work on it and ultimately obtain fluency.

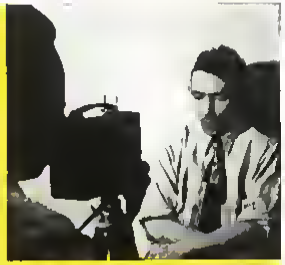
Douglass himself started stuttering when he was four. His parents blamed it on the shock caused by three minor surgical operations. After he had begun to stutter he received parental advice to "speak slowly, think of what you're going to say." At school he was taunted with such names as Yammering, Stuttering and Doddering. In class he was down-graded, either because he couldn't spit out the right answer soon enough, or because he often found the wrong answer easier to pronounce. He often lashed out at tormentors and became known as aggressive and belligerent. "I'd often be fighting three boys at once," he recalls. He wasn't asked to parties. Once when the girl next door was having a birthday celebration, he overheard two of the invited guests say they wouldn't come if Yammering Douglass is going to be there." During the party he hung around outside the house on the off-chance someone might see him and invite him in. He was terrified of the telephone; although a poor swimmer he would swim a river half a mile wide to avoid having to call a girl he knew.

He Was Fluent If He Whispered

His stuttering became so bad that by the time he left high school he couldn't visualize a career for himself. When one prospective employer asked his name he went completely dumb. "What's the matter, boy?" demanded the employer. "Don't you know your own name?" Douglass fled. He thought it would be good training for him to meet the public, so he took a job selling portable radios from door to door. He was forced to give this up too; whenever a housewife came to the door he was paralyzed with fear. Eventually he became an electrical engineer. He again tried to force himself to acquire fluency by opening a small electrical appliance store. At twenty-four, after a year of shopkeeping, he admitted that stuttering had him licked and he started making the rounds in search of a cure.

His first therapist gave him reading exercises for eleven months. "I got to be that I could recite

At Toronto University School of Medicine a twenty-hour series of tests (see pictures) prepares patients for Ernest Douglass' eight-month course in speech therapy — the first all-out scientific attack on stuttering in Canada. Most of the patients stuttered from childhood. Learning to talk properly, said one, was like being born again after years of emotional distress.



Motion pictures show in detail the tricks a stutterer uses in talking.



Brain tests are used for comparing the stutterer with normal speakers.



Many stutterers are left-handed or confused about which hand they favor.



Ink pattern is part of an IQ test by psychologist Bruce Quarrington.



Patients are checked to make sure stuttering is not a physical flaw.

TO BEAT THEIR FEAR OF STUTTERING DOUGLASS' PATIENTS GO OUT AND TALK TO STRANGERS



NEWSBOY listens patiently to Fred Burnett's street-corner quiz.



COP gives Fred directions. The clinic's Barbara Torrance goes with patients on "fear assignments."



MOVIE CASHIERS sometimes get mad when stutterer holds up the queue.

Gunga Din perfectly" recalls Douglass "but I'll be damned if I could work it into my everyday conversation." Another therapist told him 'You stutter because you're tense. Learn to relax.' For the next two years Douglass' treatment consisted of lying on a couch in a quiet room...carrying on a whispered conversation with his teacher. He became proficient at whispering fluently in quiet rooms. But this didn't improve his speech in real-life situations. He took other courses. "They all told me stuttering was due to tension," he says, "but none told me why I was tense or how I could overcome it."

His speech steadily deteriorating, Douglass decided to find out all he could about his handicap on his own. He haunted medical libraries, spoke to doctors, speech therapists, neurologists and psychiatrists. He finally went to one of Britain's leading psychiatrists for treatment. While the treatment failed to help his speech, it was the turning point in his life. He became so fascinated by and curious about the mysteries of the human personality that he decided to devote his life to finding out more about stutterers and how to help them. His research pounded home the lesson that no superficial method of treatment would ever help a stutterer. It was a baffling condition about which it was difficult to formulate general principles.

Douglass discovered that the affliction chooses its victims indiscriminately. Moses was a stutterer and so were Demosthenes, Charles Lamb and Charles Darwin. Today the King of England, Somerset Maugham and Jane Froman all stutter. All races seem to have their share of stutterers with one exception: the Shoshone and Bannock Indians of Idaho. No one knows why.

For some obscure reason no diabetic has ever been known to stutter. There is, too, more left-handedness among stutterers. And there are just as many types of stutterers as there are stutters. One German scholar listed ninety types and then quit. The causes of a stuttering spasm are unknown. One stutterer can say *two* and *to* but not *too*. Some block on words starting with vowels, others on consonants. Some stutterers find it hard to talk to strangers, others to friends. A Canadian bishop was a fluent preacher but stuttered hopelessly when talking to one of his parishioners. A soldier found he could talk fluently on a walkie-talkie device but not on the phone. One child would stutter only when seated in his stepfather's favorite chair.

Armed with his knowledge, Douglass enrolled at the University of Glasgow where, as part of his training, he worked in hospitals, speech and psychiatric clinics. By the time he was granted the degree of L.C.S.T. (Licentiate of the College of Speech Therapists) he already had strong convictions about stuttering.

To start with, he felt most treatments were wrong in assuming a stutterer can't speak fluently. Douglass recalled his own fluency during the whispering sessions. "All stutterers are fluent under certain conditions," he declared, and he named 120 of them—such as singing, shouting, talking in dialect and so on—when the stutterer is so distracted he forgets to be afraid. (Demosthenes, the Greek, became an orator by putting pebbles in his mouth.) The real enemy, concluded Douglass, was the fear of stuttering.

The average stutterer does not suffer so much from stuttering as from trying to avoid it. Stuttering starts in childhood and grows with the stutterer. The childhood stutterer adopts the credo: "Avoid stuttering at all costs." He therefore uses a number of devices to help him avoid stuttering. As each device loses its effectiveness a new one is added until the stutterer has

Continued on page 90

Emile Douglass with a class of stutterers. By the end of his course many gain weight, get better jobs and for the first time enjoy a social life.



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AROUND THE HOME

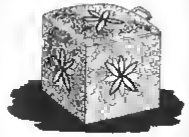


SHOULD NOT FIT TOO TIGHTLY AROUND TREE. WIDTH OF SEAT 16". SLATS OF DRESSED INCH LUMBER. UPRIGHTS 2 x 4. CONNECTING PIECES 2x2. FACE BOARD, THIN PLYWOOD. SMALL CRIBBING NEXT TO TREE TO SUPPORT UPRIGHTS AND CROSS PIECES.

HOME-MADE JARDINIERE



TINS OF VARIOUS SIZES (LIDS REMOVED), NESTED PAINT OR ENAMEL, PLACE GRAVEL ON BOTTOM OF TINS TO ASSIST DRAINAGE FROM POT.



HASSOCK FROM BUTTER BOX

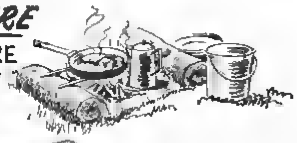
LINE WITH CHINTZ OR WALLPAPER. ATTACH LID WITH HINGES. PAD TOP WITH LAYERS OF COTTON. COVER WITH CHINTZ, IMITATION LEATHER OR CLOTH TO MATCH DRAPES.



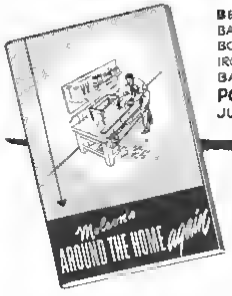
SILHOUETTE PAINTING

PLACE GLASS OVER PICTURE TO BE TRACED. DRAW WITH INDIA INK IN BOLD OUTLINE. WHEN DRY COVER BACK WITH HEAVY WHITE CARDBOARD. BIND WITH BLACK TAPE.

BE **SURE** CAMP FIRE IS OUT/



BEFORE BUILDING FIRE, CUT SODS AND ROLL THEM BACK. DIG OUT EARTH FOR FIRE PIT. BE SURE BOTTOM IS EARTH OR ROCK. ACROSS SODS PLACE IRON RODS OR GREEN SAPLINGS. AFTER - ROLL BACK SODS TO SMOTHER EMBERS - AND POUR ON PAIL OR TWO OF WATER JUST TO BE SAFE.



NEW BOOKLET You'll find more information on these and many other interesting ideas in the booklet "Around the Home Again", just published. Write for your copy to Tom Gard c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 390, Adelaide St. Station, Toronto.

ONE OF A SERIES PRESENTED BY
Molson's
AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

Tom Gard's Note Book



August — the month of peaches! Each weekend we try to have something special planned for the whole family — an overnight if we are at the cottage and weather will permit, or a trip to some picnic spot if we are home. Such pleasant seasons should be enjoyed by all young Canadians with much excellent beauty spots as these at hand.

It becomes the duty of every adult to learn and to teach safety measures with camp fires if this heritage is to be protected. Each year careless people cause serious losses through forest fires. At the time of year when our forests are often under dry conditions, cooking fires or camp fires should be built on solid rock or right out in the open on packed earth. Embers have been known to smoulder for days and travel many feet underground before they break to the surface if the earth is laden with decaying roots and bits of wood. If a large flat rock is not handy, the Gards use rolls of sod to form the sides of the fireplace and carry the weight of the cooking utensils.

Silhouettes

My teen-aged daughter is painting interesting silhouettes on glass and framing them with cardboard and black binding tape. She does a good job of it, too.

Son Jimmy set to be outdone by his sister brought home a set of tin-can jardinieres he had made during the craft period at his boys' camp. They were painted and ready for immediate use in his mother's window garden.

Foot Rest

When I sit down to relax and put my feet up this winter it will be with the end of a new hassock made from a butter box. After completing the record holders for the children in the spring, I promised myself a well padded foot rest before the snow arrived. Just the finishing touches remain. The top has been carefully padded and covered with bright durable plastic. All that remains to be done is complete the pattern being made with decorative tacks.)

Enough's ENOUGH

By JOHN P. McKNIGHT

IN this hectic century the world is too much with most of us, but usually we take on the chin whatever comes and do nothing about it—except maybe groan in ulcer or two or yell at the kids. It's amazing how comforting to realize that there are a few individual souls who pushed beyond measure by the machine age have done something about it. What they did was rarely smart, but at least it gave them some satisfaction and earned them a few lines in the following news reports from all over:



Gerald Boes and Arthur Lynn of Marshfield, Wis., decided most of the bitter weather they suffered last winter originated in Canada and announced they would bill our government for $136, half their heating bill.

In Gothenberg, Sweden, Miss Gunhilde Stoehl sold her hotel to gypsies, explaining: "With their free and easy ways they're the only ones who now hope to cope with all the official rules and regulations nowadays."

Hinton Miller, Jr., electric meter reader in Jacksonville, Fla., resigned because, an official reported, "He has suffered four dog bites and does not believe he can stand the mental hazards of his occupation."



A window washer in Laguna Beach, Calif., after carefully washing a lot of windows went back and shattered each one with a slingshot. Seeked for motives, mischief he explained: "You can wash just so many windows then something seems to snap."

A British stoker, Sam Harris, went looking for a land job after surviving nine shipwrecks. "Even cats have only nine lives," he observed.



In Manistee, Mich., Harold Edwardson paid a twenty-dollar fine for throwing a shovel of the operator of a snowplow that filled up Edwardson's freshly cleared driveway.

A dozen housewives in Vista Hill Village, Md., stunned at Peeping Toms, armed themselves with guns, knives and rolling pins, captured four prowlers and held them for police.

In New York, mailman Joseph Davis dumped five bundles of mail into a snowbank while mailman Arthur P. Hess burned one handle in an incinerator. Said Davis, "It was too heavy," said Hess, "I was tired."

Charles M. Dickson, of San Antonio, Texas, gave up plans to run for the state legislature, deciding he could not stand a stump-speaking barbecue-eating bear-donking baby-kissing campaign. ★





Rely on your doctor — and Heinz

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Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

AIR CADET Some rousing aeriallers in the Pearl sequences helps to carry this one along but the hackneyed plot and threadbare dialogue are far from climactic—and the same goes for most of the boyish high jinks at training school. It's a yarn about jet fighter pilots in the U. S. Air Force.

GO FOR BROKE Hollywood has come up with an unexpectedly good war story rather long a lot of credit is due to writer-director Robert Pirosh. The title means "Shoot the works" and war the battle cry of a ramshackle outfit consisting of loyal Japanese Americans whose record was a valiant one in France and Italy.

THE GREAT CARUSO A musical and a pictorial one in which the ubiquitous Mario Lanza considerably portrays the most fabulous operatic tenor of modern times. Curious at times and rather bitty but Lanza acquits himself creditably and the fictionalized story is an absorbing one.

HOLLYWOOD STORY The old and unsolved murder of a noted director of the silent screen is rather pedestrianly but ingeniously unraveled in this detective yarn starring Richard Conte as an amateur sleuth. For customary glib-Hollywood-as-story, Fraser X. Sullivan's Betty Blythe, William Farnum and Helen Gibson are themselves the way they look today.

IORNA BOONE Especially for youngsters. There's an occasional bit of laughable hoakum all the way through, but the whole thing is rather pedestrianly and ingeniously unraveled in this detective yarn starring Richard Conte as an amateur sleuth. For customary glib-Hollywood-as-story, Fraser X. Sullivan's Betty Blythe, William Farnum and Helen Gibson are themselves the way they look today.

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NANOOK OF THE NORTH Wily old Robert J. Flaherty's brilliant Eskimo documentary made about 20 years ago but looks considered and rewarded today modern cinemagoers—and it holds up as fascinating movies.

POOL OF LONDON Another story of British cops and lowdives directed by the overly versatile Basil Dearden but disappointingly hollow in comparison with his earlier effort. The Blue Lamp. The central figures are two married seamen and a romantic young negress who get involved with jewel thieves and killers in the Big City.

THE SCARF A pretentious overdrawn melodrama about a convicted murderer (John Ireland) who crashes out of a hospital for the criminally insane and lets forth to earn whether he really did strangle a late lady. The hard-working cast including Mercedes McCambridge are one of those tough bakes with hearts of purest gold and Tennessee Burton are an aged funeral old mustang. The farmers are a produce, quite appropriately, at harvest.

THE THING They can't seem to make by far the best of the recent typical science fiction thriller. There's a whizzing air of dreadery about most of its formidable technical clutchet and in their relaxed moments the characters act and talk like real people rather than literary results. The hilarious passages in a cast of large intellectual corset learn come other planets and if that doesn't sound frightening we'll kill you can him!

THE WAY AHEAD A re-issue and a recommendable one at a perceptive and moving British war film originally released in 1944. Stanley Holloway, David Niven and Raymond Huntley are prominent in the first rate English cast.

GILMOUR RATES

Ace in the Hole *Satire drama* Tops—
The Adventurers *Melodrama* Poor.
All About Eve *Satire comedy* Tops
Along the Great Divide *Western* Poor
Appointment With Danger *Crime* Good
As Young as You Feel *Comedy* Fair
Bedtime for Bonzo *Comedy* Fair
Born Yesterday *Comedy* Excellent.
Branded *Satire drama* Poor
Broken Arrow *Western* Good
Bullfighter & the Lady *Drama* Fair
Clouded Yellow *Suspense* Good
The Company She Keeps *Drama* Fair
Cry Danger *Crime drama* Fair
Cyrano de Bergerac *Drama* Fair
Dancing Years *Musical* Fair
The Enforcer *Crime drama* Good
Father's Little Dividend *Comedy* Good
Flying Missile *Submarine drama* Fair
Follow the Sun *Golf drama* Good.
4 Steps to the Clouds *Italian comedy-drama* Good for adults
Fourteen Hours *Suspense* Excellent.
Goodbye My Fancy *Drama* Fair
Half Angel *Light whimsy* Poor
Halls of Montezuma *War* Good
Harvey *Fantastic comedy* Good
House on Telegraph Hill *Drama*. Fair
The Judge *Comedy* Good
Kate Did It *Comedy* Good
Kim *Kipling adventure*. Good
King Solomon's Mines *Safari* Tops
Last Holiday *Tragi-comedy* Good
The Lawless *Suspense drama* Good
Lemon Drop Kid *Bob Hope farce* Fair
M *Monster murder tale* Fair
Mad Wednesday *Comedy* Good
Ted Mapes *British comedy* Good
Man from Planet X *Science* Fair
Making Season *Comedy* Good
Music 999 *Comedy* Excellent.
Mystic Lears *[as true] Comedy* Good
Ted Medlock *Comedy drama* Good.
Mystery Street *Crime* Excellent
Of Men & Music *Film concert* Good
Only the Valiant *Western* Good
Outrage *Rape melodrama* Fair
Payment on Demands *Drama* Fair
Pier 23 *TV melodrama* Poor
Prince of Peace *Portfolio play* Poor
Rawhide *Suspense western* Good
Reckless Moment *Blackmail drama* Fair
Royal Wedding *Astaire musical* Good
7 Days to Noon *Atom drama* Good.
Sailors 3 *Military comedy* Fair
Storm Warning *Ku Klux drama* Good
Take Care of My Little Girls *College-upward-ness drama* Fair
12th Letter *Gaussic drama* Good
Tomahawk *British western*. Fair
Up Front *War comedy* Fair
Up to Ours *[as it is] Comical comedy* Excellent
Valentino *Romantic biography* Poor
Vengeance Valley *Western* Good.
Women Without Names *Spy drama*. Fair
You're in the Navy Now *Comedy* Good



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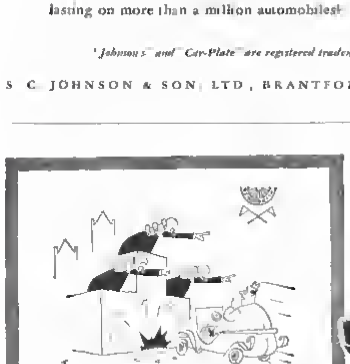
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"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

out without the co-operation of the medical profession.

We may probably we will, in the end set up an insurance scheme with the doctors opposing but their opposition must not be too bitter or they would wreck it. Certainly the profession will have to be consulted at every step.

Finally, even Paul Martin's own department is not certain or unanimous on the kind of health insurance we ought to have.

Politically, of course, the easiest way to begin is with hospital insurance. That would meet no vigorous hostility from the doctors. It is relatively easy to administer compared to a full-scale health service. It would meet a large fraction of the problem demand for health insurance, because it would remove the worst of the financial risks. However, some of Paul Martin's advisers think hospital insurance should be the last thing, not the first, to be introduced.

They argue that the correct sequence is general medical services first. Otherwise they say the first onset of free service will swamp the hospitals with cases that might just as well have been treated at home.

With all these hurdles in its path the parliamentary committee will face no easy chores. And even if the committee members are able to make up their minds on the past recommendations, they will still have to sell it to a sceptical cabinet.

On the other hand, though health insurance is not imminently secure, it is not as remote as some people think. It has not been wholly forgotten since the failure of the Dominion-Provincial conference of 1945; meantime, but important, preliminary work has been going on, and some of it is finished.

For example, all ten provinces have been conducting surveys for the past two years on their health requirements and problems. Several of their reports are already complete and have been received in Ottawa. All of it is hoped will be in by October.

The surveys have been conducted by public health people who will probably in most provinces recommend health insurance as quickly as possible. This however is deceptive. Whatever the survey committees themselves may want most provincial governments are against it. Only two (British Columbia and Saskatchewan) can be counted upon with any assurance to support health insurance. Newfoundland might make a third. The rest, if left to their own volitions, would all oppose it.

However a number of provincial premiers were against the old-age pension too. So were a number of federal cabinet ministers. They did not like the idea; they still do not like it. But when people realized that old age pensions were actually within their reach, politicians had to listen to them.

Maybe it will be the same with health insurance.

• • •

Probably the other countries in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization don't realize it but Canada played a very important role in the recent NATO armed forces agreement.

Canada's contribution was to have served as guinea pig. Every point in the NATO agreement had already been covered and argued out in talks that lasted more than two years by the new Canada-U.S. agreement on the leased American bases in Newfoundland. Both documents cover such touchy questions as dual and criminal jurisdiction. If a visiting soldier injures a civilian in a NATO country what court shall try him? His own military courts or the civilian courts of the country he is in? And on the other hand, can visiting army people spend their duty to enforce its own military regulations. There is nothing in French law to say it's a crime for one American citizen to be rude to another American citizen. But it's better for American military discipline abroad if American privates are discouraged from talking back to American officers.

You might think it would be easy to agree on questions of that kind. It is, in principle. In practice or rather in the fine points of legislation detail it's not easy at all. Canada and the United States are closer and more intimate friends than any other two countries in the world but the experience in Newfoundland has not been devoid of furtive and difficulty.

It took very long arguments, and frequent deadlocks, to establish the right of civilian courts to try visiting soldiers for civil offenses. There were interminable wrangles about customs procedure. (and here by the way it was the Canadian and not the American officials who were unwarrantably stinky.) The whole thing took years.

The matter was opened even before Newfoundland joined Canada and the new Leased Bases Agreement, replacing one hastily negotiated by a belligerent Britain in 1941, was signed only last April.

At the NATO discussions in London the Newfoundland agreement was not even mentioned. There was nothing to indicate, even to NATO delegates attending the secret sessions that Canada had played any special role. But it is interesting to note that all twelve nations were able, to agree in four months on questions which two of them (and the friendliest two at that) had wrangled over for years.

Incidentally Canada now reaps the benefit of American insistence on various immunities and protections for U.S. troops here. In the Newfoundland discussions Canada was looking at the problem solely from the view point of the host country. The host country always wants to retain maximum authority for its own courts. The sending country wants maximum authority over its own troops. In Europe Canada will be a sending country too. ★

NEWSREEL

The world spread out before your eyes

Gold shipments come from overseas—

New super warplanes fill the skies—

And gorgeous girls on water skis

Two hundred miners trapped in a mine—

Report on baffling new disease—

Big tanks on the assembly line—

And gorgeous girls on water skis

Electric robot wins at chess—

A famine strikes the Sengalese—

The Russians tool on Lake Snowness—

And gorgeous girls on water skis

—P. J. Blackwell

IN THE Offices CONFIDENCE

BY the time this appears Fred Bodsworth will be off on a three-hundred-mile canoe trip along the old Indian trapper route from Grand Victoria Lake in Quebec down to Lake Kipawa. Fred says the map of that area is inaccurate so he's going to use aerial photos. An ardent bird watcher and wild-flower expert, Bodsworth has lately taken up mineralogy as a result of his digging into the story on Thayer Lindsley (page 7). "Ought myself a prospector's pick," he told us proudly the other day. Managing editor **John Clare** is off on a long tour of the United States, taking in camera and hopes to cover every state in the union. When last heard from he'd reached San Francisco and was still going strong. We hope to get the results of this trek into the next issue. **Erin Nicol** didn't go to Banff after all, as reported last issue. It's planned to present him with the Stephen Leacock Award for Humor at a special ceremony this fall.



George Sellmose



Barbara G Inman

• **Clyde Gilmour**, whose wife **Barbara** looks like a movie star herself, is back from Hollywood working on some more pieces for us from the movie capital. He tells us he saw a lot of Joseph Mankiewicz who wrote and directed *All About Eve*, while down there **George Bellrose Robertson**, who doubles as a radio actor when he's not writing articles for us, has been the voice behind those one-minute radio commercials about Marleans that are aired over various stations. George may find himself plugging his own story about the Ontario Hydro missionaries who are nonveling everybody (see page 20).

Sidney Katz has been juggling two articles at once. When he gets tired of working on one he switches to the other. He has great sheets of notes pasted up around the walls of his cubicle across the hall. When he goes home he gets more of the same because his wife **Dorothy Sangster** is also perking away at her typewriter on a Maclean's piece. One of the Katz opus is on page 22. The next will be in our next.

• The brilliant colors in **Harold Town's** illustration for Me and My True Love on page 16 are the results of using aniline dyes instead of ordinary oils or water colors. Harold and the illustration for The Brave They Fought With Cannons a Flash-back which appeared three issues ago, using the same technique. Both jobs required meticulous research. To get details of the mounties uniforms in the Flash-back Harold had to investigate the RCMP. Before it was over I had the feeling they were investigating me," he tells us. Our poets are writing to us in verse now. Writes one "I'm not a stranger to your pages. But you haven't heard from me for ages. And if you're interested in these odes, Let me know —for I have loads."



Harold Town

Nobody realizes knows who wrote Loch Lomond but **Douglas Carmichael** has worked out a neat case for his hero in Me and My True Love (page 16). It is about time we introduced **Janice Tyrwhitt**, our new editorial assistant who, besides sifting manuscripts for the fiction and article editors, produces quizzes and features of the sort found on page 52. Miss Tyrwhitt is a gold medalist and double scholarship winner from a University of Toronto honors English class.

THE COVER



HALF way through the work on this cover painting artist **Mel Crawford** suddenly moved to the United States. He reminds us that the thing got lost, found, thrown out, reconsidered, accepted — then I couldn't be found to do the finish but after a series of long-distance calls and jogging of memories I finally made it. When it was done I felt like a low, low, low man on a you-know-what.

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London Letter

Continued from page 4

"Why are you answering these questions?" demanded Eden across the floor. "Why don't you hand them over to some other minister?"

Morrison flushed angrily. "I see no reason why I should not help out my colleagues," he snapped. "Besides I do not take the same superior attitude toward the Foreign Office as you do."

Eden rose from his seat and carefully measured Morrison's chin. "Then be let him have it. "I think you should give these questions to someone else," he said suavely. "Just in case some time you would like to concentrate on foreign affairs."

Morrison had no comeback. His knees buckled and he lay on the ropes. If there had been a referee he would have been counted out.

Lady Tweedsmuir Is a Rose

But the saddest figure in these all night debauches is Aneurin Bevan. He is like Hamlet waiting for the ghost to turn up. One can almost hear him whispering: "To be or not to be," and not knowing the answer. The battle of the parties waxes and wanes but he is not of it. There on the front bench sits Gaitskell, the unknown minister who dared to defy the Bevan lightning. No wonder Aneurin looks out on the river and asks if the daylight will never come.

The odd fifteen women MPs are better off than we are. They have a rest room of their own and there numerous they take off their shoes and affect such easements as the feminine costume permits. Once a division is announced there is an interval of six minutes before the lobby doors are closed, and it is surprising what a woman can do with her appearance in six minutes.

Lady Tweedsmuir, who sits for South Aberdeen, is something of a calmcle. She is a beautiful alien creature and I can assure that at six a.m. in the morning she looks as fresh as a dewy rose. Can they rouge, one is asked, but this does not apply to all her parliamentary sisters. But they women do not exactly look like a male beauty chorus in the hour before the dawn.

And what a dawn we had this morning! I stood on the terrace and watched Phoebus' chariot rise until it flashed upon us with such brilliance that the eyes had to turn away. Not a craft was stirring on the river. It was broad daylight but London was still asleep. The air was as fresh as though it came straight from the sea, uncontaminated by the vapors and smoke of the metropolis. A solitary omnibus wobbled across Westminster Bridge like a drunken restorer returning from his revels.

Upstairs in the public galleries there were exactly three people. Here we were with an almost all star cast and we could only draw three spectators. "We shall have to take this show off," said Sir William Darling of Edinburgh to me. "Or else change the cast." Another MP said: "I had a dreadful nightmare just now. I dreamed that X was speaking. Then I woke up and by heaven! he was.

At six o'clock the faithful sleepy kitchen staff arranged to serve breakfast. We went into the kitchens, drew a tray and ran a cafeteria basis, chose what we wanted. Chairwomen were arriving and getting down to work so boisterously that we were in danger of being swept up with the rest of the litter.

At seven o'clock, after a division, Churchill intervened to ask Chuter Ede, the Leader of the House, what were his intentions and his desires. Churchill pointed out that we had been debating for something over fifteen hours and that the Government should at least indicate how long it intended that we should go on.

"We seem to be in pretty good condition," said the sixty-eight-year-old Ede, "and I see no reason why we cannot go on till day and ever longer."

This was a veiled threat that shook us. None of us had been to bed since Sunday night and if this threat were carried through we could not expect to get to bed until Wednesday night, which you will agree is rather a long time.

"Will that complete the committee stage?" asked Churchill.

"I don't think so," said Ede with a twinkle in his eye. "We shall probably have to continue it on Thursday."

There was a half suppressed groan from the Tories and a gleeful roar of laughter from the Socialists. This I admit presentation or explanation for the Socialists are no fonder of these marathons than we are. The reason of the groan was that this is Royal Ascot week and a good many of us Tories had paid ten pounds for a royal enclosure ticket for the whole meeting. We knew that we would probably only be able to go once, or twice at the most, but what we wanted to see was the race for the famous Gold Cup in which

Continued on page 49

THE LIFE GUARD AND THE LADY



She summered in his morning smile,
And run-tanned in his noontime glance,
And, with an undiluted guile,
She made of every circumstance,
A candle to ignite romance,



Though practiced in a smooth technique,
She could not melt his attitude—
He smiled and smiled, but failed to seek
Even a chilly interlude
And charmed her fatefully when rude!

—*Martha Banning Thomas*

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F.D.R.'s Canadian Island

Continued from page 19

in 1883 bought ten acres on a brow overlooking Friar's Bay and were on hand the next spring to supervise the construction of a twenty-five room "camp." With them was a lively tod dler called Franklin never plain Frank.

Campobello must have been a wonderful place for the child as it is for all children. It has cliffs and caves and golden beaches and riptides and lakes. Mrs. Roosevelt is reserved with strangers. Get on the blue water she'll chip over the herring nets, and fishing boats catch among the red and yellow buoys of the lobster traps. There are starfish and sponges and sea shells to be picked up along the shore.

But F.D.R. was a family kid who lacked a male companionship. When he was born his father was fifty-four. He had very much lunch-up whiskers, invariably sported a riding crop and was in the words of an biographer "of ceremonial attitude who thought that only dukes were really proper company." James Roosevelt, while fond of his son, was not in type to join him in games.

As soon as the boy was old enough to dodge his nurse and his possessive mother he hurried to the wharves and struck up friendships with fishermen. One day he burst into the driving room of his parents' cottage flushed with pride and excitement and cried: "I can sail! I can sail!" It developed out that the good pal, Captain Eddie Lank, had secretly taught him how to handle a boat and finally told him: "You'll do now. You're a hell of a fine seaman—sardine-size." F.D.R. was ten.

Sam Roosevelt was indignant but James was delighted. Yachting was an aristocratic sport and where could you learn the fundamentals better than from a Campobello skipper? Lank was rewarded and maintained the sailing lessons and also coached Franklin in swimming.

A Toad in Father's Well

Later Captain Ebey Mitchell, who knew the tides, currents, channels and reefs in the Bay of Fundy and Passamaquoddy Bay as few other men ever have, took Franklin on many cruises, letting him act as navigator.

During the First World War F.D.R. was assistant secretary of the U.S. Navy. Campobello fells say he plotted a warship with nearby Eastport. Mrs. Roosevelt through dangerous reefs and shoals in a think fog.

As I heard it, relates John F. Calder, son of Campobello's leading citizens, the rupture of the ship and it couldn't be done, and wanted to drop anchor and wait the next day. However there were reasons for speed, and Mr. Roosevelt who happened to be aboard said: "I'm familiar with these waters. I can take her in for you."

Calder, a white-haired giant with features that might have been carved from granite, is a retired fisheries officer and was a close friend of F.D.R. He knew him first as an athletic youngster full of mischief.

Once, he chuckles, there was a dead toad in his father's deep well. The old gentleman offered five dollars to anybody who would remove it. Hezekiah Mitchell saw a chance. In exchange for the toad he would have a joke. Down he went, hobbled and brought up the toad. The old gentleman gave him five dollars and the task of disposing of the creature. Next day there was again a dead toad in the well. The same toad. Again Hezekiah brought it up for five dollars.

On the third day also there was a dead toad in the well—still the same toad. Hezekiah collected again. Franklin was in on the conspiracy and laughed harder than Hezekiah.

Calder himself was the butt of an F.D.R. prank when he was a fisheries supervisor sworn to uphold the law. They went salmon fishing in the Pocologan River on the New Brunswick mainland. Franklin, he says, "got a fifteen pound fish and I joined others with its congratulating him. Everyone knew except me that he had illegally speared the salmon behind my back. He thought that was a great one to pull on Johnnie Calder the fisheries supervisor!"

If you shut your eyes as you listen to Calder you remember the Fireside Chats from the White House during depression days and the speeches as the U.S. president during the Second World War. It might be F.D.R. himself talking. When Roosevelt died Calder was chosen by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to pay tribute to him on a national network. He sounded just like F.D.R.

Franklin Builds a Cottage

Most people on Campobello speak like Roosevelt, because Roosevelt spoke like them. He didn't get his accent from Harvard but from Campobello fishermen. His dude certificate has a nautical style of Harvard either. He cultivated it as a member of the Campobello Debating Society and was tutored in it by John Calder and George Byron, retired King's Printer of New Brunswick and once a celebrity in provincial politics.

Calder and Byron, who was known as the "silver tongued orator of the Passamaquoddy," wouldn't have him on a debating team for quite a while. They didn't consider him eloquent enough. Afterward Calder and Byron relented and had Franklin Roosevelt on any team and planned on another. Eleanor they say was the more fluent.

Franklin and Eleanor were married in March 1905 and summered at Campobello. Now they were plans for a cottage at Duck Brown next to F.D.R.'s mother's. (Mrs. Roosevelt died in 1900.) They wanted it to be simple but big enough for a big family and plenty of guests. They built a rambling frame structure with sixteen bedrooms, most of them just cubicles, and many other rooms.

In her book, "This I Remember," Eleanor Roosevelt wrote: "While our children were small we went there every summer. The children lived happy memories of it and of the life we lived there. Franklin was always in vacation when he came to Campobello before he had infantile paralysis and many of the children's happiest times were with him there."

In 1910 F.D.R. walked into John Calder's little office. "John," he said, "I need your advice." The Democrats in Dutchess County want to nominate me as a candidate for the State Senate. I realize I have to choose a life calling. If I enter politics I have to sound this business. What should I do?"

Franklin," drawled Calder, "you don't need my advice or the advice of anybody else. You're going into politics and that's all there is to it."

Roosevelt left next day for Hyde Park, accepted the nomination and campaigned so effectively that although he was a Democrat he won a constituency the Republicans had held for twenty-two years. He was then twenty-eight. At Campobello the fishermen celebrated his victory.

F.D.R. established his reputation overnight by bucking the Tammany Hall grip on the Democratic Party in New York, and by the spring of 1913 President Woodrow Wilson appointed him assistant secretary of Navy. He was the youngest man ever to hold this post. At Campobello Eddie Lank, now dead could boast, "I taught the assistant secretary of the American Navy all he knows about boats."

Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt still summered on the island through the First World War forced Franklin to abandon his visits. In 1920 the year he was Democratic candidate for the vice presidency on a ticket with James M. Cox of Ohio, he spent only a few days at Campobello. The Cox-Roosevelt ticket was beaten by Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge and in 1921 F.D.R. felt he at last had time for a real holiday.

The Doctors Were Puzzled

He arrived at Campobello the first week in August on the yacht Sabele. On Aug. 10 he took his wife and sons for a sail. They saw a forest fire and went ashore to help fight it. The wind riff they had a swim in a nearby lake. Miles Several. Later in the day F.D.R. swam again in the ice-cold Bay at Fundy.

That evening he was shaken by chills and fever. By the next night he had a high temperature and pains in his legs. The same Dr. Bennett who had delivered Franklin, Jr. was summoned from Lubec. He was puzzled by the symptoms. So was Dr. W. W. Keen, a Philadelphia diagnostician who was vacationing in the district. Next and Dr. Robert W. Lovett was brought from Boston. By Aug. 25 was F.D.R. a disease diagnosed as polio.

On Sept. 15 Dr. Lovett said the patient could be moved to New York for treatment. F.D.R. a fisherman friends, sadly carried him down to the shore on a stretcher and ferried him to Eastport on a launch. There they lifted him into a private railway car through the windows and eased by Campobello fisherfolk massed their friend. But they glowed with pride when they heard of his heroic battle to regain his health his efforts to aid other polio victims his return to politics in 1924 as campaign manager of presidential candidate Al Smith his own election as governor of New York State in 1928 and finally his election as president in 1932.

Mrs. Roosevelt who still visited them usually accompanied by one or two of her children told them of these things. She also explained tactfully that F.D.R. as a cripple didn't like to come back to the place where he had so loved to walk the woodland paths and ride horseback and scale the cliffs. Campobello understood.

But after his inauguration in March 1933 his mood changed. He had been above his physical handicap. He arrived in Campobello on June 30, 1933 at the helm of the yacht Amberjack II. Every one of the Iowa men, women and children were on the wharf at the village of Welchpool to greet him as he maneuvered alongside. So were thousands of spectators from the mainland.

The crowd cheered then there was a sudden shocked silence as F.D.R. was lifted from the cockpit of the yacht into a waiting car for he had realized how helpless he was. But the cheering broke out again and the boats of the sardine fleet blew their whistles and the flags and bunting fluttered in the light breeze. The U.S. cruiser Agamenticus and the U.S. destroyers Flusser and Bernadou lying out in the channel let loose with their sirens and band music floated over the water.

That night there was dancing in the old Owen mansion, now occupied by a New York textile tycoon. Two of the president's sons, Franklin, Jr. and Johnnie, a daughter-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt, led the grand march. A mile away on the Roosevelt summer estate F.D.R.'s wife and his mother sat up late reminiscing with people they knew and liked. And occasionally the president's mother glanced out approvingly at the Canadian moonlight on his hand. Next day half of Campobello was invited to a picnic at the Roosevelt beach.

After his 1933 visit to Campobello, which lasted three days, F.D.R. returned to the island just once more for a single day in 1938.

"Come and see me at Washington," he told John Calder then, and Calder did that same year. He and three companions travelled to the U.S. capital in state in a borrowed Rolls Royce and Roosevelt had the red carpet spread for them at the White House.

Where they wanted to have a look at the Senate in action. F.D.R. scribbled a note. This will admit the bearers to the president's seat. Then he grinned at Calder. How's that Johnnie?" he asked. Good enough?

When King George and Queen Elizabeth were guests of Hyde Park in June, 1939 were the week and the Roosevelts had Rev. Raymond Smith, then Campobello's Anglican clergyman, come and preach the Sunday sermon. In 1941 F.D.R. planned to stop at Campobello on the way to his Atlantic Charter conference with Winston Churchill at Placentia Bay, Newfoundland. At the last minute the arrangements had to be changed.

His Fisher Friends Wept

When he died on April 12, 1945 at the age of sixty-three, tough old island fishermen wept openly. In August 1946 they stood with bared heads at the unveiling of the first Roosevelt memorial erected in Canada: a red granite cairn with a bronze tablet bearing this inscription: "To the happy memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt 1882-1945 statesman and humanist. Home who during many years of his eventful life found in this tranquil island real refreshment and freedom from care. In him it was always the beloved island."

F.D.R.'s cottage is still there—owned now by his second son, Elliott. Mrs. Lurrea Calder, our cousin at John Calder looks after it.

Mrs. Roosevelt, now permanent United States representative on the United Nations Assembly, visits Campobello still but infrequently and usually for only two or three days or a week. Her children go there too and her grandchildren, but it is not like it was when F.D.R. was alive.

Meanwhile most of Campobello's gay summer colony has vanished. As John Calder says: "The old fellows have died off, and the youngsters are going elsewhere. The two hotels have been torn down and the lumber with which they were constructed sold to pay off back taxes. Some residents hope for the day when Campobello's status as a resort will be revived. Others say, in effect: "We are better off tending our nets than tinkering millionaires' lawns and waiting on tables."

Ironically F.D.R.'s favorite island was I even be an island any more, if one of his cherished dreams, the Quoddy power project, materializes. This great undertaking, executed by his summer neighbor Dexter P. Cooper, a famous engineer, would harness the tides of Passamaquoddy Bay by a series of dams and locks, and generate one million horsepower. Campobello would be a section of one of the dams joined to the mainland. ★



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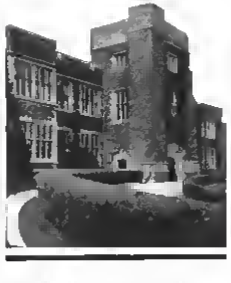
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Is a Sense of Duty Breaking The King?

Continued from page 11

Lack of privacy has handicapped the King in his long fight to conquer his stammer by depriving him of normal day-by-day relaxation.

One incident during the preparation for Princess Elizabeth's wedding illustrated the abnormal private life of the King and his family. For weeks before the wedding presents had been pouring in from all over the world. They were catalogued and arranged for public showing in St. James's Palace. A week before the wedding the King and Queen and the two Princesses invited a dozen friends to St. James's after dinner to see the astonishing array. Their tour ended in a side room where drinks and sandwiches had been laid out. It was then that the King said: "I hadn't seen any of those presents except things from the family until tonight. I probably shall not have a chance to see them again."

That seemed to me the tragedy of the world of loneliness, and perhaps a wistful longing for the heritage of the common man, that has come to the castle and his private life a liking of his own.

The King also once said, when discussing the burden of modern kingship:

"We are not a family, we are a firm."

It should be added in parenthesis that he smiled as he said it. The phrase held no hidden protest. It was intended to convey that the Royal Family's duties were such that nothing less than a highly organized and trained firm could cope with them. As head of it he works a ten hour day—a considerably longer stint than the vast majority of those who serve him allegiance.

The strain is now proven too much. It has gone on too long. What is to be done?

I saw published in London some time ago the first really constructive suggestion through which the nation might show its gratitude to the King for his immense labors and help him in a practical way to get as fit as is now possible. This suggestion posed a Sabbatical year for the King. In England, as elsewhere, university dons every seven years get a whole twelve months free from their duties of teaching the young. And they spend that time renewing themselves outside their colleges.

Could we not give the King such a year off duty?

George's Great Achievement

A specialist in circulatory diseases said when I put this idea to him: "It would prolong the King's life by at least ten years and it would do more to slow down, if not altogether halt the basic trouble in his leg than any other single thing."

"I do not know how far this idea is constitutionally possible or how far the King would go in agreeing to it. But if the nation insisted on it all difficulties could be overcome. And if the British nation and the rest of the Commonwealth knew the full facts about the King's health and understood how he drives himself to his health's detriment they *would* insist."

These seem to me to be wise words. Winston Churchill in his speech to the House of Commons supporting the congratulatory address to the King and Queen on their silver wedding in April 1948 said: "It is our chief pride that, at a time when in other lands monarchy has tottered to its fall, it is here more firmly established than at any period in our long history."

To George VI goes the main credit for that undoubtable fact. In that knowledge he could now surely be guided by the wishes of those whose affections he has gained: retire into a truly private life for one year, then return with his damaged health restored. ★



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across the blotter, back and forth—
Now sea by east, then west by
north,
The chairs and pictures look
composed.
And just this second, while I dozed,
No sloth ag ropes played monotones
of synapsed wooden genoas
Against the reeds.

This room is still,
Nothing moves: look where I will;
A voyage proves sweet home to be
Of an immense stability.

—*Martha Banning Thomas*

The Great Reindeer Trek

Continued from page 13

Bahr had with the outside world for many months.

Before the government lost contact with Bahr in the summer of 1931 it was still confident the herd would soon reach Canada. From Norway came three Lapp families to teach the Eskimos how to look after reindeer. Mattis Hatta, Mikkel Pulka and Aasuk Thomsen, short blue-eyed men with wide sun-browned faces, arrived in Montreal, somewhat confused but happy at their good fortune. Their wages would make them wealthy men when they returned home at the end of their five year contracts.

Preparations to receive the herd at Kittigazuit were rushed. But as the weeks of silence grew into months the Canadian Government got restless for news. Finally, in January, 1932, Erling Porsild, then at Kittigazuit with his brother, and Mattis Hatta set out to meet Bahr by dog team. They found him on the north coast of Alaska near the Colville River delta, only about three hundred miles from his starting point.

The expedition was in bad shape. The precious summer all Bahr's Lapp and Eskimo herders had deserted him. He managed to secure new crews locally but they were inexperienced. About one third of the reindeer herd had wandered off. After a two-month search they were found in the mountains far to the south but Bahr had to leave them there. He had no man to round them up. Bahr told Erling Porsild he did not expect to move much further that winter. He was still trusting his new men. Porsild and Hatta returned to Kittigazuit.

Bahr's plans for a fairly quiet winter were badly upset. It turned out to be one of the toughest winters ever recorded.

Wolves harried the herd. Caribou surrounded same and swept them along in their migration. Out into the snows the herders would go to watch the caribou herds and cut out the reindeer. To distinguish reindeer in a caribou herd was a little like trying to follow by eye an individual snowflake in a blizzard.

One shrieking storm drove more than 500 reindeer from the main herd. Bahr picked two of his replacements, Tom Wood, an Alaskan Eskimo and his brother, Peter, to go after the strays. With them went their wives and their five children.

It took them six months to find the last herd and bring it back. Once the party was a week without food except for a cupful of flour in the bottom of the sourdough pot. The deer were found, mingled with thousands of caribou, and it took days of weaving back to cut them out. The trip back was a bitter sequence of blizzards, wolves, flies, swollen rivers and steep mountain ranges.

Tom Wood later said he had never had things so tough. They traveled for days in storms at 70 degrees below zero. They couldn't rock shelter for they had to keep up with the panicky herd. And the deer, as always, would head into the storms, taking them miles off their course.

The herders were clad head to foot in reindeer skins with double parkas. Sweat poured from them, freezing their clothes into suits of icy armour. Often they could not stop to change into dry clothing for 48 hours. They lived in double tents or sometimes rectangular snow shelters covered by canvas.

During winter it was necessary to send someone ahead four or five days to seek pasture. Once Tom's oldest son was overdue two weeks on one of these forays. Tom went after him. A storm came up and he was lost for three days. Finally he burrowed in the snow and waited for death.

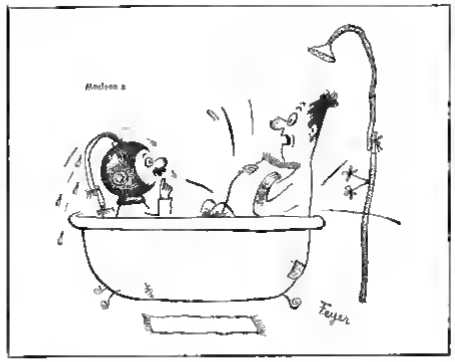
"I thought I was going to die sure," he said later. "I knelt in the snow and prayed a long time for help. Then away off I see a person. I go quick and find Igloo. Lady come out and tell me to come in. For a long time I cannot eat anything. My wrists and nose and skin are all frozen."

"This lady was a trapper's wife. I ask her: 'Why you go out of igloo?' She say: 'Just to look over the hill and see how the storm looked' but I did not see you."

Tom was convinced God had answered his prayers. The first things he asked for when he finally got to civilization were four hymn books and two Bibles.

Next winter (1932-33) was if anything, worse. Erling Porsild said it was the worst of 17 he had spent in the Arctic. The herd was on the 10-mile strip of coast between the mountains and the ocean west of the Mackenzie. Usually in this area the flow ice drifts against the shore and freezes there. With it come the seals and on it men can hunt. That winter easterly winds blew the ice away from the shore and froze up.

There were no seals or fish. The





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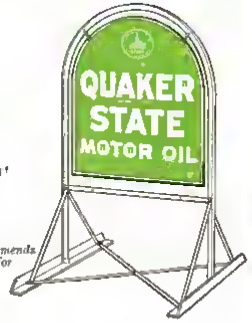
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usual caribou migration didn't occur. That meant no ptarmigan for the ptarmigan follow the caribou who clear the snow from the moss. Nor did the foxes, which follow the ptarmigan, come.

Bahr and his party were soon running out of food and furs. Their steers had long been butchered and they did not want to kill any of their dwindling herd. Fortunately Aklavik was little more than 100 miles away. Bahr sent messengers ahead on skis and supplies were flown in.

The winter's troubles were aggravated by the attacks of starving northern wolves. Usually the herd moved at a leisurely eight to 10 miles a day. The wolf attacks would panic the deer and they would belt 30 or 40 miles. The herding, wearying routine of the roundup would begin once again. By the time they were collected the reindeer would be too exhausted to move for several days.

In the spring of 1933 the herd reached Canadian territory. It totaled 2,400 animals, a net loss of more than 1,000 in the three and a half years on the trail. Men and animals rested in the Blow River valley less than 100 miles from Kittigazuit. They moved off again in the late fall, reaching the Mackenzie the last major barrier, in January of 1934. Here the herd was given another rest before it began the tricky crossing of the delta, a 70 mile stretch of ice dotted with low rocky islands.

Bahr planned to drive the animals right across on the ice without stops because there was little feed on the islands. He picked a bad year for his attempt. The winter of 1933-34 was the mildest and most stormy recorded in the delta region. For eight weeks a mildwinter the temperature never rose above 35 degrees below zero.

Late in January Bahr was joined by Hatta and the other Lapps and the crossing was started. Their luck was good until the halfway mark. Then the temperature dived to 48 degrees. A gale blew up and after the men had worked a day and a half without food and rest to keep the herd together they had to give up to save their own lives.

Erlina Parsild later described what happened: "The herd split up into numerous small bands. After the storm 200 reindeer were thought to have perished — and the rest were scattered for a distance of 50 miles along the west side of the delta. Bahr with his Eskimo guide lost his way and very nearly froze to death while three of the herders had their hands and feet severely frozen. It took three weeks to round up the exhausted herd."

That fall Bahr made careful preparations for the second attempt. Caches of food for the herders and moss for the deer were set out at short intervals along the route as soon as the Mackenzie River froze over. Bahr was ready to order the start in December when a strong Chinook wind swept the delta. The snow disappeared from the river leaving it smooth and slippery—impossible footage for the deer.

A duel began between Bahr's patience and the tricky Arctic weather. Snow would fall. Bahr would order the start. Then winds would sweep the ice clear again. For weeks it went on with Bahr trying to quiet his restless herds through periodic gales.

Finally, in February a heavy snow fall came. Bahr was ready for it. The herd crossed in record marches in three days. One week later gales again swept the river clear. It was mowless for the rest of the winter.

The reindeer had reached their new home almost four years behind schedule—five years and two months after they left Alaska. On March 5 they were herded into the government corrals—2,370 head of reindeer few of which had started from Alaska.

On the last day of March a little stooped man wearing a cloth cap and mukluks with a blue canvas coverall over his furs stepped from a plane at Edmonton. He seemed puzzled by the fuss that greeted him, though he posed primly for photographs. He did not speak in reply to greetings.

"This is from your wife, Andy," said a man as he handed Bahr a letter. The letter told Bahr that his two apartments had been sold to satisfy the mortgages. Bahr said nothing. In 1929, before leaving on the trek, he had invested all his savings in three buildings—$55,000. He had borrowed $55,000 more. The depression had killed his investment. The $15,000 he was paid for the trek did not cover his mortgage and he was ruined.

Bahr gradually warmed up though he talked only in monosyllables with many gestures. He looked older than his 52 years—in five years he had aged 10. He was hard of hearing. He had no teeth. The Arctic had left its mark.

In Edmonton he was outfitted with new clothes. He seemed pleased with them shuffling along the pavement in the unaccustomed shoes.

He was met in Vancouver by his wife and daughter and then went on to Seattle where an "Andrew Bahr Day" was declared. Installed in a hotel suite he said, "It sure makes a nice little shelter cabin." The crowds that followed him everywhere were "worse than wolves at my heels."

Absent the loss of his life savings he was resigned. "Sometimes things happen to a man." He would not go back to the Arctic he said. He would stay in Seattle. "Everything's so warm down here. So warm and green."

Andrew Bahr did stay in Seattle. He died there on May 2 1945. He never went back to the Arctic.

Was Bahr a courageous trek master? Or were the years he gave the Arctic wasted?

Those who foresaw vast hordes of reindeer with the Eskimo transformed from a hunter to a herder have been so far disappointed. Not that the deer haven't thrived. They thrived from the start. But the Canadian Government wasn't interested in setting up reindeer herds to be tended by government men for Eskimos. The object was to lure the herds over to the Eskimos. So far the success in getting Eskimos interested in reindeer herding has been limited.

By normal increase Bahr's herd should now number more than 200,000 deer. Actually there are only about 7,000 animals in the Canadian Arctic today. Why? The answer is that until the government can get the Eskimos more interested in reindeer herding it will, as it has in the past, trim the herds ruthlessly using the skins and meat for emergency relief.

There are some signs that the Eskimo is willing to become a herder. Successful herding units were set up in 1938 and 1940 but the owners of the herds and their families all perished in the wreck of a schooner during an Arctic storm in 1944. The government had to take back their herds. Since then two more herds have been established under Eskimo management. They are doing well and the government hopes that this example will attract other Eskimos.

But the dream of turning the Arctic into a vast pastureland is still very much a dream. And only yellowing pages in newspaper files testify to the courage and the many sacrifices of Andrew Bahr ★

WIT AND WISDOM

Added Attraction—A survey reveals that men can't spell as well as women. And their figures aren't as good, either.—*Windsor Star*

First Course—Lots of people are getting their fill of golf just by cutting themselves a few slices.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record*

Strike Three and Out—Why can't they have a National Strike Week and get it over with?—*Calgary Herald*

No Fun For One—A British scientist says late hours are not good for one. They're pretty nice for two, though.—*Sudbury Star*

And the Majority Rules—There are three types of women: the intelligent, the beautiful—and the majority.—*Calgary Albertan*

In Tune With the Infinite—My small nephew's first report card, one of the informal letter types, was climaxed with the comment: 'Stanley contributes very nicely to the group singing by helpful listening.'—*Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune*

Truce Is Stronger Than Friction—One war that will never be won by either side is the continuous war between the sexes, declares a novelist. Probably because there is so much fraternizing with the enemy.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*

The Widow Might—One of John's best friends had died, so he called on the widow to express his sympathy.

"Jim and I were friends," he said. "Isn't there something I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised her velvety brown eyes, which a few seconds before had been wet with tears. "How would I do?" she asked.—*Peterborough Examiner*

He got the Bird—A speaker was lecturing on forest preservation. "I don't suppose," said he, "that there is a person in the house who has done a single thing to conserve our timber resources." Silence ruled for several seconds and then a meek voice from the rear of the hall timidly retorted: "I once shot a woodpecker."—*Edmonton Journal*

Social Security—After a visit to dancing school one mother advised her daughter that she should not just dance silently like a totem pole talking to her partner was also part of the social picture.

On a later visit the mother saw that each time the music started the same little boy tore across the floor, bowed to her daughter and swept her away to the music. Later, the mother asked why the same lad chose her every dance.

The daughter explained: "I'm telling him a continued reorder mystery."—*Calgary Albertan*

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Me and My True Love

Continued from page 16

the lake under his load of brush. Diana watched him till he disappeared around the curve of the shore then turned and began to climb the steep side of the glen moving surefootedly over the mossed slippery rocks.

The wind flying through the fir in their shrouds. She shuddered. The idea was horrible. It was plain superstition. Or was it? Old Mheri claimed to have the seeing, the second sight. These Highlanders. She never quite knew whether to believe them or not. There were many secrets up there behind the hills. Her father could talk all he wanted and have her brought up by her aunts in Edinburgh but there was still something about the Highlands that Sir Isaac Newton and all the new laws of natural philosophy couldn't explain. And whatever it was, it was part of her. The Grahams were more than half Highland, and her father confident get rid of his blood in spite of all his friends in London and his ships sailing from Glasgow.

She came to the foot of a gigantic pine high up on the side of the glen, gnarled and twisted by centuries of wind. Its knotted roots held three boulders firmly in the shape of a giant's throne facing the sunset over Ben Varlich. She was struck full here, and the rough grey granite was dry. Diana sat down on the throne with a little sigh of content. The feeling of happiness still hung over this spot.

IT WAS here she had met Donald Donald Moclan MacGregor. It was almost a year since she had come up here to watch the sun go down one warm evening in full spring. She had been sitting on the stone chair watching the changing colors of the clouds when something made her look up. A tall Highlander in the red tartan of the MacGregors was leaning against the pine trunk behind her. There was a great broadsword at his side and a dirk and sgian dubh on his legs, but for some strange reason she wasn't afraid even when he spoke to her.

"It's a big throne for one lass," he said with only the faintest trace of a Gaelic lilt.

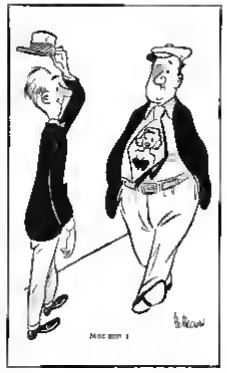
There's room for another," she replied boldly and without a word more, he sat beside her noted the sea went down a strange dark hazy when whose eyes shifted from the softness of a wounded deer's to the fierceness of an eagle's and then back again without seeming cause.

Donald went home with her that evening and her father's sense of hospitality compelled him with some misgiving to ask the stranger to spend the night. The MacGregors had a bad name and no love for the Grahams, but Donald was a gentleman in spite of his clan and nothing untoward happened. He was lately back from France, where he had been educated, and had been visiting his father's grave at Inchcailloch. The Isle of Old Women, at the other end of the loch. Here the MacGregors buried their dead and took their oaths. His lands lay northward beyond Ben Mor.

After that evening Donald came often to Lawrie House, but he always appeared unannounced, and he always met Diana in the glen. Before anyone else saw him. He was always a quiet man, full of fierce dignities that he could express best in music. Sometimes he would sit down at the spinet in the drawing room. He could play the French and Italian airs beautifully but after half an hour of them he would suddenly bang out a few jarring chords and make the old spinet shriek and wail like the bagpipes.

Sometimes he brought his pipes with him and squeezed out a wild haunting music that sang of things deep in the blood no words could ever tell. He made up his own songs, too, gay lilting things that shifted suddenly into minor keys and left her heart aching. Her brother Alec, who had just received his degree from St. Andrews, used to read law in Edinburgh, played the flute and he and Donald sometimes joined in duets. Alec conceived a boyish admiration for this moody Highlander and the three of them became fast friends.

But there was always something between Diana and Donald that Alec



MacGregor

couldn't share. It was the secret of the glen. The glen itself was no different from a hundred others along the loch except that perhaps its shade was a little deeper. It was only when the two of them met here on the giant's throne that it all took on a special faery meaning. There they would sit through the long evenings of late spring and early summer while scores of tiny birds sang in the birches by the water and the wild flowers pushed their way up through the thick pine needles of the glen. The sun would fall beneath the towering clouds and turn the lake to molten silver that needed only to be dipped up and rained. Diana spoke of it one evening in August.

"And whose head would you be stamping on this time?" Donald asked.

"The king's," she answered vaguely, avoiding politics. She knew he meant which king. German George in London or James over the water, whose son, it was rumored from the Highlands, had just landed in Moidart to claim his crown. Donald had met the young Prince Charles in France and was a strong Jacobite but now he too avoided politics.

Instead he took her hands in one of his and with the other he lifted a lock of her hair as though assaying its weight. "No kings," he said. "The image shall be the goddess Diana's and men shall give all their goods for the smallest farthing that bears it. The metal shall be worth it too, for well I know a lock of your hair in the silver and torn it all to red gold. The goddess who wears red gold on her head. Shall I tell you a myth of the Greeks?"

"If it's a bonnie one."

"The story is told that Diana the huntress lived many years on Delos in the Grecian sea, hunting the stags among the mountains. But Delos is a small island, and after many years the sun scorched its forests and burned the grass, and the deer died. Then Diana was very sad and looked for a new home farther north, one that the rays of her brother Apollo couldn't destroy. She searched across all Europe, going farther and farther, but finding nothing she liked until she came to Caledonia far in the north west. And there she found mountains steeper and more purple than the mountains of Greece, and pines even darker, and water brighter than the Aegean Sea. So she made herself queen there and sat upon a granite throne, but she found new sport for instead of stags she hunted men, and killed them with arrows from her eyes. Then all men feared her and fled before her, all except one. He was a young chief, and instead of fleeing, this man faced the goddess and dared her to do her worst.

"And then, what happened?"

Donald shrugged. "The tale has no end."

The girl stared straight before her. "I shall end it," she said in a low voice. "Scotland is lovelier than Greece, and Diana was weary of being a virgin goddess. So she moved over on her throne and asked the brave young chief to be her kind and share it with her."

Then he kissed her, and she stayed in the strength of his arms while the sun went down as red as blood behind Ben Varlich and the heather of the mountains turned deeper purple in the gloaming as rich as an emperor's robe.

THAT was the last time Diana had seen him. He was to have come again five days later to speak to her father. Instead there came a letter. Prince Charles Edward had raised his standard at Glenfinnan and all through the Highlands the clans were rising to throw out the Hanoverian usurpers. The prince was at Blair Atkell and the Duke of Perth was raising men to join him. Donald had taken a commission in the Duke's regiment and had left for Perth.

Diana choked thinking of it. A man like Donald had no right to throw himself away as a soldier. There was a fierceness in him, yes, but he would find his peace in the glen over Loch Lomond not on a bloody field. He felt beauty too keenly for that. And yet. There was a music of sword blades and cannons and the screams of the dying as well as of bagpipes. Even though she could not hear it herself she knew how it would call to him. Donald was a MacGregor and their motto was "My race is royal." He would follow his king. There was no point trying to stop him and she had not tried.

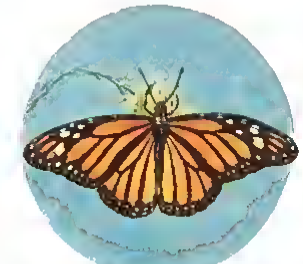
It all looked so hopeless at first, throwing a few ragged Highlanders against King George's red coated regulars. Then came the news of the five-minute slaughter at Prestonpans when the redcoats fled from the claymores and dirks as fast as their legs would carry them and General Johnny Cope galloped to England with the first news of his own defeat.

When the birches turned yellow in October the Highlanders took Edinburgh and Diana pestered her father for permission to go there and visit her aunts. Perhaps she could find Donald somewhere in the army. Hector Graham was a lukewarm Whig who thought it would do no harm to have connections in the Jacobite camp and Diana had run the household since her mother's death. He let her go. Her aunts' prim Lowland ladies had been terrified of the bare legged Highlanders as they would have been of

Continued on page 42



2 Native or stranger?



1 Hibernator or migrator?

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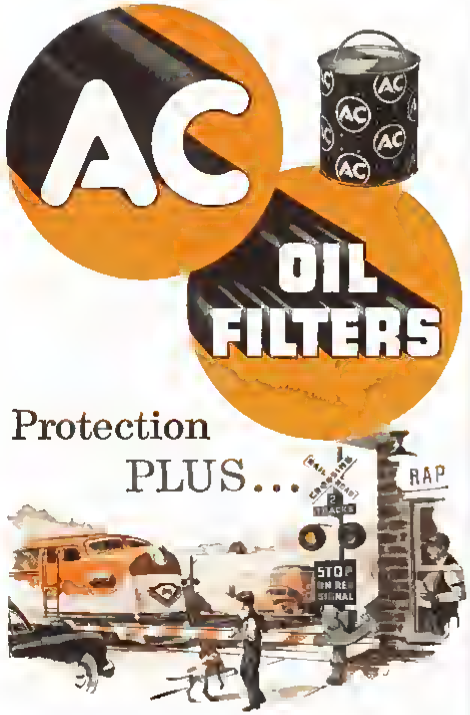
4 Snow or different?



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Continued from page 40

Red Indians from America but Diana reared their fears and searched for Donald. She found he had been sent on a special mission south toward the border, and she felt angry at this young prince who could come over the sea and take the man she loved away from her. Angry and jealous. What right did he have to break the wish they had made on the new moon?

Then there was the night of the prince's ball at Holyrood Palace. Diana attended with Lady Ogilvy, who was an old friend of her mother's. It was a magnificent affair of many candles, men in bright tartans, and ladies in court dresses that had not been worn since the Union. The Diana accustomed to the prince noticed that and honored her with a dance. She had no idea of how to behave, but she knew at once why they called him Bonnie Prince Charlie. Why the men were ready to die for him and the women ready to urge them on. He got her at once immediately... talking to her of Scotland and how much he felt at home there. It was the poorest land he had seen in all his travels, he said, rich only in the bravest men and most beautiful women on earth.

It was a high flown compliment, yet there was something in his face and voice that showed he meant it. Diana would always remember his sad eyes, pointed chin and almost girlish smile. But in spite of his delicate features there was a dashing gallantry about him that made him a man to love and serve. Diana couldn't surrender. Donald, but from then on she loaned him gladly.

She saw the prince once more there a distance the day he led his army south to conquer England. The streets were crowded with people cheering and waving white cockades. The long files of fighting men went by—Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, MacPhersons, and Gordons. The Duke of Perth's regiment was there, and her heart beat faster, but Donald was still away. The Atholl men, the Robertsons, Ogilvy's regiment, Glenbuckie's, Roy Stewart's, Tulloch's. They were all there. Their plaids were torn and dirty, their beards were shaggy, and many of them walked bare-foot on the hard cobblestones, but their claymores were bright and clean, their great gleaming broadswords that terrified the English. They were tall lean men who walked with springy steps and flashing eyes. And though Donald himself wasn't there, his music was all about. The pipes were playing a new song and the people were singing it.

Diana paused in her anxiety as the notes came into her mind, and she sang it over softly:

The news frae Moidart cam yestreen
Will soun gar mony a ane
For ships o war hae jurt come in
And landed royal Charlie
Come through the heather
Around him gather
Ye're a' the welcomer early
Around him rin'ling wi' a merry din,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?
Come through the heather
Around him gather
Come Donald, come Donald

The rest of the chorus stuck in her throat. Donald had come. Come too far.

The days grew darker in November and December while she waited here by the loch for reports of the army's progress and the infrequent letters from Donald now back with his regiment. The prince had reached Lancaster, Manchester, Derby and the English were fleeing. Then in December came news that puzzled her. The prince was retreating. With victory in its grasp the army was marching north again. English regiments rushed back from Flanders were closing in on it from three sides. There were stories of a rearguard action fought by Lord George Murray's men at Clifton hall—and no further word from Donald.

Diana paced the drawing-room and glared out the window at the snow drifts. The prince's new victory at Falkirk seemed unimportant and useless. She fingered art, snatches of Donald's songs on the spinet and locked the urge to flash them. She thought of going north to the MacGregor country to see if they had news of him there. The news came late in January as she was about to leave. Donald had been wounded at Clifton hall and taken prisoner by the red coats. His wound was healing but he was being held at Carlisle to await trial for high treason. Treason to the fat German hog in London whom he had never acknowledged.

Diana remembered the sentence for treason. It was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Or a person of no importance might get off with mere hanging. She remembered Carlisle, too. She had passed through the old border town coming back from London three years before and had seen the cold grey stones of its castle. The cells would be wet and filthy. The thought of Donald there wounded drove her nearly crazy. till her father agreed to send Alec off with letters to all their friends who might have any influence. Money could talk even for rebels.

PEN POINTS

When there's ink to be dried,
It can either be done
By using a blotter
Or leaking for one.

—*Leonard K. Schiff*

ALEC had been gone almost two months now. He had made a hero of Donald and would do everything possible even if he had to go to the prime minister. If he failed Diana's jaw stiffened and her hand gripped on outcropping of rock. If he failed there was nothing to do but wait, old Angus said, wait till Prince Charlie has a man tore down Carlisle stone by stone. The prince had retreated north of the mountains to Inverness, but he'd fight again. He'd fight and he would win. No troops on earth could face a Highland charge and with Bonnie Prince Charlie at its head leading his claymen like a spirit of the air. Once more Diana began to hum "Who'll be King but Charlie?"

"Faster, less faster. That's a quick step and ye're making it dirge-al!"

The voice! She caught her breath and for a moment didn't dare look up. It was he, Donald, leaning against the pine tree as she had first seen him, with a twisted smile on his lips. Only now his shirt was dirty and his plaid torn and his left arm hung in a blood stained sling. But he was there. Tears filled her eyes and she sprang up to throw her arms around him.

But he wasn't there. Her arms clasped only air, and misery has expected support she staggered and fell to the ground. She brushed the tears from her eyes and shook her head. She couldn't have been dreaming. She had heard his voice and seen him standing as clearly as she ever had. His eyes had been sad and far away and warm with love. She had ached to answer the call to them. Was it some trick of the light? She looked out of the loch. The sun was sinking red and throwing long blue shadows on the snow slopes of Ben Vorlich, but the air was sharp and a million crystals of snow sparkled on the shoulders of Ben Lomond above her. She must have been dreaming. But there was a cold longing in her heart and the wind turned cold to match it.

Sadly Diana rose and started down the glen to the lakeside. Loch Lomond itself was the only sure thing left when she started seeing visions. The long quiet loch and the swelling hills above it, ever changing but ever the same. She smiled faintly. If she told old Angus about her dreams he'd say she had the seeing like Mhairi. But there hadn't been any shroud on Donald. She was sure of that.

She walked back along the gravelly beach between the birches and the lake. A hundred yards or so from the house she saw Alec coming toward her and her feet refused to move either to meet him or to run away. Alec was walking slowly and heavily with his eyes on the ground. When he raised them they were the greatest in misery, and he shook his head.

Dombly she reached out to take his arm. Then whispered, "Any word? When?"

Four days ago. Noon. I left the day before. He didna want me to stay.

Diana wondered why the wind didn't rise to a hurricane and blow her away or the ground open and furneath her or the lake swallow her up. She was surprised to find that she was still walking but there was nothing else to do. There was nothing at all to do any more. They walked on in weathered silence.

Alec spoke again. He made another song for ye in prison. He finished it the day I left and asked me to give it to ye. Would ye care to see it?

She shook her head. She couldn't now. Her feet made a squashing sound in the soft mud. Spring was coming again but Donald was gone. First love's first spring couldn't feel. Nothing lasted.

"Why did he nae want ye to stay?" she asked.

"He wanted to be alone. He said he'd done all his duty except the last part—and now that's done. I went ye to remember I was a man with an idea," he said, not just something on the end of a rope.

An idea!

The prince. Be loyal," he was saying.

"And ye're a Whig like father," she said bitterly.

I can change. The prince can still use men. He'll be needing a replacement for Donald.

He can use men. He can use men to tear down Carlisle, tear down London, drive George back to Germany and dye the redcoats red with their own blood!" Her voice rose to a scream, then fell again dully. "That's all that's left. Take me home, Alec."

SHE WISHED she could cry but no tears would come. The MacGregor woman of Donald's clan would be gesturing and howling, but she was too much Saxon for that. Instead she sat at the window watching the tipping waves that washed against the pebbles on the shore. The mournful murmur crept into her mind. The whole world was one throbbing murmur of endless, changeless change. First love's first spring couldn't last, but winter went on forever. The murmur broke off sharply when Alec ran in and slammed the door.

"It's all over," he blurted out. Everything. Fergus MacLaren just limped in from some place called Culloden. He's been running four days. The prince is hiding in the heather. The army's broken. Nothing left. The redcoats are blowing everywhere. He sank into a chair by the fire. "I'm too late again."

Diana rose automatically to straighten her hair. Thank God Donald hadn't lived to know this. He'd given everything he had for the beautiful young prince and now the prince had nothing left to give for him, not even revenge. The flowers of the forest were withered. If there were even one last moment. Then she remembered.

Ye said Donald gi'en ye a song?

Alec reached into the pocket of his coat and brought out a wrankled scrap of paper. He handed it to her silently. Diana took it near to the spinet. The paper was smelly and the words and notes were crowded together, but she knew the writing. She played the tune through hesitantly, picking it out one note at a time. Gaining confidence she went back over it, losing herself in the rhythm and the melody. As she reached the chorus Alec got up and took out his flute to join her.

Diana added her quavering voice to the instruments and sang the words with growing wonder:

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae
By the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond

'Tis long since we parted in yon shady glen
Or the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view
And the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.

The wee birds may sing, and the wild flowers spring
And in sunshine the waters be sleeping
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again
Though it waefu' may rease for their greeting

Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Diana's fingers rested on the keys and she stared again at the loch. The sun had gone down and the mist was coming out in the gloaming. A path of silver light lay across the water. As she watched a wild duck flew down the path and landed on it, rippling the silver carpet into a thousand silver threads. It was spring and yet not spring. There was no second spring. And yet—and yet.

She started to sing the words over again softly and slowly wringing out of them all the beauty and the pain. Oh ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road. She stopped abruptly. Other words were echoing in her ears. "Faster, less ... ye're making a dirge of it. Before her mind again came the picture of the haggard Highlander leaning against the pine tree with the sad longing in his eyes. She closed her own till she couldn't be but spring were rising within her.

She turned to face her brother Alec. Did ye take the high road up from Carlisle?

As far as Glasgow. Why?

The girl smiled softly. "Nothing. Only whatever the low road is, Donald took it. He was here before ye. And he was wrong. He met his true love again by Loch Lomond." ★



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The Unknown Giant of Canadian Mining

Continued from page 9

with sunken cheeks and long hands that look as if they should belong to a concert pianist. He has a small white moustache neatly trimmed and thin white hair. His brow always high is higher than ever now because of his receding hair line.

He is a hard working simple living deep thinking introvert who sleeps little talks little eats little drinks less and doesn't play at all. He never attends any social gatherings that he can graciously decline. He is not a prohibitionist. At a gathering where drinks are being poured Lindsley accepts a glass of whatever happens to be going, then spends all evening sipping from it. With the same mathematical exactness that enables him to work out baffling problems of geological structure he gauges his sipping so that he reaches the bottom of his first and only glass just as it is time to leave.

His unfailingly shy nature as one friend puts it. At the occasional function planned in his honour by financial institutions Lindsley appears, gets it over with and makes his exit as quickly as possible. Once a bank held a luncheon in Toronto to mark the company's 21st anniversary in connection with one of his mining developments. Lindsley turned up on schedule, stood around shifting for half an hour or so, sipping all at ease from a glass of Scotch obviously uncomfortable. When the time arrived for the luncheon to begin Lindsley had disappeared. He had courteously informed his host that an unexpected business development made it essential for him to leave and the luncheon went on with the guest-of-honor chair empty.

Lindsley's dread of publicity has the intensity of a phobia. In spite of a business schedule so tight that sometimes his company secretaries must wait three or four days to see him, he dropped everything and spent half a day trying to persuade the editors of Maclean's that he wasn't worth a story. With genuine humility he minimized his own contributions and lauded that of his mine executives. "I have had good assistants, that's all," he said. "Finding a mine is nothing. You have to have men who can *mine* them. Their willingness to tackle difficult job after job has been the key to ninety nine percent of Ventures' success."

But his company heads insist that Lindsley's genius for directing exploration and financing, and nothing else, has made the mines.

Lindsley has no other hobbies or interests. "He's work is studying his own mines," an acquaintance says. "His recreation is studying someone else's."

A mining engineer once associated with Lindsley but now on his own told me: "When you go to Lindsley's for an evening you know darn well that you're going to wind up on your hands and knees on the living-room floor with the furniture pushed back and geological maps spread all over the place. I doubt if there is a mine in the world whose maps and records he hasn't studied. He can reel off by memory the details of geology and ore for mines on every continent. He has an amazing memory for this sort of thing. If a problem comes up on one of his own properties like losing the ore vein because of a displacement or fault in the rock, he'll think for a few seconds then say: 'Such-and-such mine in Australia had a situation like this twenty years ago.' They solved it by doing so-and-so.' Then he'll call in his engineers and tell them where they'll probably find the continuation of ore. He's right nine times out of ten."

Lindsley is a rare combination of the four "musts" of mine making success.

The first "must" and Lindsley's greatest asset is his phenomenal insight into problems of geology and vein structure.

Second he has an uncanny sense of economics and financing.

Third Lindsley, though self-effacing in his personal life, is a striking contrast as a businessman. He is willing to gamble hard and boldly with million-dollar stakes and long odds.

And fourth he can work hard, physically and mentally with a power of concentration so keen that he is amazingly absent-minded at times regarding matters outside his business affairs in which he has no interest.

Knack for Rock Jigsaws

Lindsley's ability to work out complex problems of geological structure and decide whether a property is a potential mine or just another "teaser" has become a legend in Canadian mining circles. But he has made mistakes. For example he pulled out of Red Lake Ont., in its early days because he was convinced the area had no promise. Then had to watch with embarrassment as it developed into one of Canada's richest gold camps. But his errors have been few his batting average incredibly high. Bob Gamble, who himself has a couple of mines to his credit has said: "I'd sooner have Thayer Lindsley's opinion than that of any other ten geologists I know."

Only another geologist who understands the mysterious way in which a rock stratum can be cut off at one spot and then turn up five miles away as a result of a prehistoric volcanic upheaval can fully appreciate Lindsley's knack for seeing through these riddles of rock structure. It is rather like trying to visualize the full picture of a jigsaw puzzle in which half the pieces are missing. As mining engineer C. C. Huston explains it: "You've fitted together a few pieces and you have a man's head at one spot and his feet somewhere else. On the strength of those two clues your figure out where his left hand should be. That's how mining exploration works. Some men have to waste a couple of million dollars pulling drill holes in the wrong spots before they see the picture. Lindsley can usually figure a thing out at the beginning. His judgment is not limited to just what he can see. He can visualize the underground structure with uncanny accuracy."

Frequently prospectors have come to Lindsley to try to interest him in claims they have. Lindsley has studied their reports and maps turned them down. Then scanning a map he has added: "But if you can get these claims over here on the other side you might have something and we'll talk business then." With a few glances at a geological map Lindsley can see good potential ground that a dozen men before the spot have missed. La Luz and Giant Yellowknife were both viewed unfavorably by other mining engineers before Lindsley went after them.

Around 1924 Dieh Ennis, general manager of the then struggling McIntyre mine near Timmins, Ont., wanted some advice on whether the rich Hollinger ore zone could be expected to dip across into his property at lower levels. He tried to engage one of the world's top mining experts. This geologist was too busy to do the job but suggested Lindsley. Ennis had never heard of Lindsley and called him in with misgivings. Lindsley saw through the Hollinger and McIntyre gold structure immediately and it was his recommendations which started McIntyre on the path to two hundred million dollars worth of gold production.

About a year later Lindsley came back to Ennis. Lindsley was very enthusiastic about a money losing property at Kirkland Lake, Ont. It was deep in the red and several geologists had pooh-poohed it as a venture that was sure to fail. But Lindsley was just as sure that the rich ore of Harry Oakes' Lakeshore mine extended at depth into this adjoining property. He tried to interest the McIntyre outfit in pulling up new funds for the Kirkland Lake project, but Ennis was still in doubt about Lindsley's reliability and refused to gamble. Lindsley tossed in his own limited funds of that time and profited handsomely for the ridiculed property developed in a few years into the

Continued on page 46

Final Week In Country Cottage

The wood which blurred among the vines,
And glowed orpingous in the gutters,
Complains aloud in narrow whines,
And makes food mischief in the shutters.

Could there be grimoose prophecies
To tell the end of glowing hours,
Than shaking off chilled slats of bees
Which cluster on frost bitten flowers?

Young birds have finished practice flight
And flown away through darkening skies—
No longer muskits in the night
With canopies of shrilling cries.

—*Martha Banning Thomas*

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The House of Seagram

Continued from page 44

fabulous Teck-Hughes a forty-five-million dollar dividend-payer

In the early days of the Ronyn rush in Quebec Lindsley and Bob Gamble were sitting in a restaurant with several prominent geologists The big boys were excitedly discussing a new copper discovery nearby It looked like a big thing Lindsley told Gamble they had better have a look and see if they could still get in on it They went up by canoe next day Lindsley saying hardly a word for two hours looking it over then gave his opinion "It looks wonderful on the surface but it won't go down" He refused to have anything to do with it All the geological big names laughed at him Several hundred thousand dollars were spent on exploratory drilling Then the property was abandoned There was an excellent showing of copper on the surface but underneath the rock was as barren as Ronyn a newly laid concrete sidewalk Lindsley had been right

Lindsley's geological judgment is matched by a profound economic shrewdness Several times has talent for foreseeing new global trends in metal prices and foreign exchange rates has put thousands of dollars on to the profit sheet of Ventures Ltd

In 1946 his Frobisher Ltd owed a final payment of twenty thousand pounds on its Consuperior gold property in Southern Rhodesia The payment was due August 15 But Lindsley anticipating a sterling devaluation secured a year's extension on the debt In a few months the Rhodesian pound had dropped in value. In October Frobisher paid up with cheap peanuts. Lindsley's delaying action saved the company about twenty thousand dollars

In 1930 with the depression under way Lindsley astonished the mining world by buying fifty percent of the idle Beattie mine near Noranda Que The Beattie mines were big tonnage low grade property which could be made to pay only by a combination of peak efficiency and favorable market conditions. Gold was then at a low of twenty dollars an ounce which meant Beattie's ore couldn't be profitably mined But Lindsley decided the gold price had to rise He bolstered his interest to seventy three percent and started pouring money into Beattie

Shareholders in Ventures which was pulling up the money, squawked the industry laughed Lindsley concentrated on working out a mining and milling efficiency which with an improved gold market could be expected to make Beattie a proven low grade tonnage pay It was the first deliberate attempt in the history of Canadian gold mining to tackle a low grade proposition as such from the outset

The Beattie gamble was a dangerous drain on Ventures funds for two years running years But by 1933 Lindsley's hunch had materialized Gold was up to more than thirty dollars an ounce Beattie operating costs were squeezed to a minimum a method of high gold recovery had been developed especially for Beattie ore The mine started writing up profits immediately and next to Falconbridge it became Ventures second biggest money earner By 1946 Ventures had a number of bigger fish on its hook and Beattie control was allowed to pass to other interests but its fifteen years of production had paid back the Ventures investment many times.

Lindsley's capacity for hard work abets his mastery of geology and finance He is a great man for writing memos at home. He wakes up at night with an idea jots it down on a sheet of note paper and arrives at the office sometimes with a pocketful of memos, signed with his scrawling "T.L."

His mind usually outruns his hand and his writing is an angular scribble frequently almost impossible to read The memos are passed around and everyone in the office takes a crack at deciphering them for Lindsley courteous and gracious manner occasionally disappears and he becomes provoked if a memo is returned to him for an explanation of its meaning One employee has suggested this might be because he has difficulty reading his own memo himself

"Operator, Get Me Venezuela!"

He is a steady worker and often has lunch brought to his desk In the past he traveled so hard few men could keep up with him And he had difficulty keeping a partner

He'd run the legs off everyone one prospector recalled "In the early days at Ronyn around 1925 I've seen him leave camp at four or five a.m. with a few apples and dry pieces of bread in his pocket and not come back until after dark He never grew tired of looking Was always enthusiastic. After five or six days of tough going the rest of us would take things easy for a day or so but Lindsley would keep right on going like hell"

Today Thayer Lindsley is still going at the same speed He still acts promoter for personal examination though less frequently He closely watches enterprises which are in trouble or just getting started leaving the immediate running operation to subordinates. In a normal week he may spend a couple of days in Toronto a couple in New York possibly a day consulting government officials in Washington or Ottawa and talk by long distance telephone several times with the Guayana offices in Venezuela with La Luz in Nicaragua and with representatives in London Eng where the Ashram development is directed

When he gets a geological map in front of him he is oblivious to everything else A bush pilot has described a trip into northern Manitoba with Lindsley and two other passengers "I hear small plans was caught in a violent thunderstorm The wind reached near hurricane proportions and the plane was taking a dangerous pounding in the rough air The pilot became uneasy and decided to make an emergency landing on a lake

Eventually he found a protected area of water and brought the aircraft down safely Then the waves started pitching it dipping first one wing in the water and then the other Three of them jumped out and waded ashore Lindsley was not with them Fearful for Lindsley's safety the pilot waded back only to find his passenger nonchalantly sitting at the rear of the plane's cabin wedged between packing cases against the aircraft's pitching his head buried in a geological map His head was exactly seven inches from all that had gone on but he was concentrating so intently on the map that he had been only dimly aware of the storm and landing

Among prospectors living in the isolation of the bush the exchange of confidences is common But Lindsley has never talked about himself and even men who slept and traveled with him for weeks at a time know little of his early life

His parents were members of an old New England family and his father was a CPR representative in Japan where Lindsley was born in Yokohama in 1882 He was fifteen before his parents returned permanently to the U S to live at Milton a suburb of Boston

Lindsley received his BA at Harvard University in 1903 graduating near the top of his class with no scholarships but two honorable mentions Franklin D Roosevelt graduated in the same class with a standing considerably lower than Lindsley's The two met occasionally and corresponded sporadically until FDR's death In 1904 Lindsley graduated as a civil engineer

He worked for a year or two in the engineering department of the New York Rapid Transit Commission But his brother Halsted three years older had chosen mining engineering and Thayer as a result became fascinated with the subject He took some post-graduate work in geology and mining engineering at Columbia University but most of his mining know how he picked up from experience as a prospector in the western U S and northern Ontario choking on black flies lugging his own canoe across portages.

He Runs His Own Show

After serving in World War I as an artillery officer Lindsley acquired a run-down iron mine in Oregon made it pay sold it and with a stake of thirty thousand dollars returned to northern Canada In the mid Twenties he clicked in rapid succession with Sherritt Gordon and Falconbridge Nickel Nothing would buy Falconbridge because the big International Nickel next door controlled all North American nickel processing patents Lindsley bought control was ridiculed than dumbfounded his critics by buying out a nickel refinery in Norway which is still the sole of Falconbridge's ore processing

In 1928 Lindsley associated with his brother Halsted Joseph Errington Col C D H MacAlpine and Gen D M Hogarth (all of whom are now dead) organized Ventures Ltd Critics denounced it as just another stock selling racket But Lindsley had no intention of pocketing public money and letting Ventures fold for as his whole career has demonstrated he is interested in making mines, not money The first in Ventures in its twenty three years has made only two small offerings of stock to the public Lindsley insists on running his own show and too many public stockholders frequently mean outside interference

In spite of the depression which in three years knocked the value of Ventures stock from a high of $14.85 down to 16 cents (present value on $11), Ventures carried out an aggressive search for new mining properties which soon produced promising holdings throughout the world Many like Opemiska Copper in Quebec and Island Lake Gold in Manitoba were failures which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, but among the failures must offer mine came through as producers and in 1950 Ventures even after plowing back most of its earnings showed the biggest profit of its history $908,313

One of Lindsley's most bitter failures was his discovery in 1940 of Lake Dufault Mines, Que of a fifty million dollar copper gold ore body Twelve hundred feet underground which an more careful surveying turned out to be almost entirely within the boundaries of the neighboring Waite-Amulet mine Waite Amulet claimed ninety percent of the stock in the company organized to mine the ore Lindsley had discovered

The Records Are Sealed

Another earlier failure was a property in Northwestern Ontario During this operation Lindsley met Ida Ann Meahan of Kansas a daughter of the owner They were married on May 28 1928 But Lindsley according to friends is a man with only one real love mining The marriage ended in a Reno divorce on grounds of incompatibility in 1935 There were no children. The following year the divorce was made valid for Canada by a Supreme Court sitting in Port Arthur

Most divorce records are open to the public but the Lindsley records are sealed up at Osgoode Hall Toronto to be opened only with a judge's written permission Judges have thus far only to enter this in divorce cases but it is a practice which according to officials is resorted to Not once in fifty thousand cases

Lindsley is a charitable man who is said to send out turkeys by the score at Christmas and who once handed a destitute prospector twenty thousand dollars for a property which he knew was valueless He continued to support his former mother-in-law until her death several years after his divorced wife had married a second time

Ironically Lindsley's lack of interest in making money for himself is the only fault which has made him bad friends An fast as one Lindsley mine starts paying off its profits are plowed back into another Recently he told a shareholders meeting Taxes on our returns will continue to depreciate in value and your only protection is to have good ore in the ground

But most stockholders are more interested in seeing their profits turned into dividends instead and the battle of dividends or another mine flares up frequently at the annual meetings of Lindsley companies Usually the astute Lindsley smooths everything over but not always Several years ago the minority shareholders of Sherritt Gordon banded together and their complaints of milking Sherritt Gordon profits for other mining developments forced Lindsley to give in

Sherritt Gordon the big Manitoba producer of copper zinc silver and gold was the first big mine Lindsley created The eldest son in his shining family But he appeared the situation coldly and without sentiment and said out practically all his extensive Sherritt Gordon holdings At least regret he owned less than three percent of this one of the biggest mines he guided into production

He explained the reason simply to a friend "What's the use of owning a horse you can't ride?" ★



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NEXT ISSUE

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would you want your doctor to tell you that your days were numbered? This problem that most doctors must face is discussed

by FRED BODSWORTH in

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Ontario Scraps Its Horse-and-Buggy Lights

Continued from page 21

took longer to convert and problems really set in when the converters hit a district where read but salesmanship had sold the same model washing machine or refrigerator to every housewife in sight. Suddenly the manufacturer is faced with more parts orders than he can possibly fill before Cut Day. For a number of engineering reasons Cut Day is fixed and can't under any circumstances be postponed so Hydro has to find a solution.

When this situation arose with washing machines in the Toronto suburb of Scarboro, Hydro formed a "Cut Club" and sent all the women in the neighborhood to a laundromat to do their weekly wash and footed the laundry bills until their washing machines were working on 60 cycles. In the rural district of Wentworth Hydro established parts for a popular make of feed chopper. It solved the problem by mounting a feed chopper on the back of a truck which turned the ears grinding furnace feed.

Another hitch comes with some models of equipment but it's likely to be changed on the spot. Some driven washers, hobby shop power tools and three-speed record changers usually are hauled off to a central service shop where they're converted and hauled before being sent back. If the equipment is essential to the operation of a household converters lend the consumer a 60-cycle model until his own is returned.

Still other pieces are obsolete and no replacement parts are obtainable for them. Items like a 1906 motor driven Edison gramophone that turned up in one house would have been impossible to convert even twenty-five years ago, but it was in working order and Hydro was responsible for converting it. In such cases the consumer has a choice of taking a cash settlement or trading in the old model on a new one. Usually this is fine with the consumer—but Hydro will long remember one formidable East York housekeeper who drove servicemen away from her uncomfortable refrigerator with a kitchen broom. It was weeks before she finally agreed to relinquish her ancient model for one hundred and fifteen dollars.

Although few are as vehement as this consumer the customers reactions to conversion are almost as varied as the equipment they own. Many an otherwise self possessed housewife has expressed an earnest qualm on seeing the innards of her new washer strewn over the basement floor. One harried woman, confronted by this situation called Hydro to check on the qualifications of the workmen. After a talk with the office she seemed reassured, but rang off with the comment: "Well, I certainly hope they know what they're doing. That machine set us back four hundred dollars two weeks ago!"

To soothe such housewives Hydro employs ten men to answer phone calls from the converted areas. They're handled as many as two hundred calls in a day, and almost every one means a personal visit to the consumer's home to check the trouble. Complaints range all the way from worry over the fact that the car headlights weren't converted to the problem of a flooded basement. In some cases a converted sump pump has barked up and flooded the cellar, but at least once Hydro was telephoned about a flooded cellar that had nothing to do with conversion work. The householder heard Hydro was good at handling waterlogged basements so he thought he'd call for help.

Usually the trouble is nothing more serious than a cord working loose from a wall plug, but Hydro tries to have a serviceman check every beef within two hours of getting it. Comstock has a short-wave radio transmitter set up next to Hydro's complaint department and as soon as the phone message has been screened by an engineer it's radioed to field headquarters for attention. Then a Comstock workman or engineer is dispatched to check on the problem.

Sometimes the system works too fast. One pharmacist consumer wrinkled to the earnest druggists to please her trouble call and before she reached home again a service truck was parked in front of the door.

In spite of a constant barrage of crackpot complaints Hydro has found many that are legitimate. The rise in department has had to wrestle with such problems as damage to property, loss in production even unusual fatalities. One Markham farmer who paid for two cows electrocuted through faulty wiring in converting a milking machine. Hydro is still weighing the claim of a Bolton farmer who contends that the grid that runs the night lights to his henhouse would not work on 60 cycles and egg output dropped fifty percent until the trouble was overcome.

From the vast majority of consumers however Hydro hears not a word. Quite apart from the benefits they'll enjoy from new style power many have cause to be grateful. One Woodbridge dairy farmer thanks 60 cycles for relieving him of his last hand milking chore. All but one of his herd used to submit to a 25-cycle milking machine but it took the new rhythm supplied by 60 cycles to convince the last reluctant cow.

Probably more antiquated electrical pieces have been given an extended lease on life by their new conversion parts than any repair man would have thought possible. Washers, refrigerators, record players, many about to groan their last and due have been saved by Comstock's conversion fleet. As long as there are men and works at all, Hydro will convert it. Chances are it'll then good for several years' service. Some dealers are complaining this is likely to cut their sales but, with the wider variety of 60-cycle appliances available to converted consumers, Hydro is confident increased buying will make up for the loss.

The virtual disappearance of 25 cycles from the continent (one small area in California still uses it) will mark the end of one of the most unhappy compromises in the history of electrical science. The frequency was originally set in 1892 to settle the conflicting views of Britain's Lord Kelvin and the Westinghouse Company. Kelvin was one of the consulting engineers for the Niagara Power Company, the first major North American power company to generate alternating current. He wanted the European standard of 50 cycles (which Europe still uses today). Westinghouse which was manufacturing the generators, was holding out for 15. After a heetic debate at Niagara Falls they compromised at 25.

During the next few years various parts of the continent tried frequencies ranging up to 133 cycles but the Niagara companies stuck doggedly to 25. Even so, Ontario Hydro might have escaped the present trouble and expense except for a quarter million-dollar contract. When the Ontario Power Company was being formed in 1903 the chief engineers, two American brothers named Nunn seriously considered producing 60-cycle power. By that time this was the frequency voted most likely to succeed 25 cycles. At the critical moment however an American power-distributing company offered to buy a quarter million dollars worth of electricity from the new company if it could supply 25 cycles. That offer made the difference and 25-cycle generators were ordered. When the Ontario Hydro Commission bought the Ontario Power Company in 1917, the old frequency was firmly established, and southwest Ontario was in for forty years of flickering lights.

In 1926 Hydro considered changing the system to catch up with progress, but the scheme was considered flatly unpractical—even though it could have been managed for a fraction of its present cost. Other self-standard areas had converted or were converting to 60 cycles, but it was still possible to operate a 25 cycle area without too many serious inconveniences. After World War Two the deciding factor against conversion was the vastly increased World War Three. That very possibility however emphasized the need for conversion. A single bomb dropped on the power-generating plants of Niagara could paralyze the vast industrial area of southwest Ontario since its new power source would be cut off and it could not use 60-cycle power that other sources might provide.

In spite of the apparent advantages to industry of the power switch it is from industrialists that Hydro has been getting its stiffest resistance. Part of the reason is cost. Unlike the domestic consumer, who gets his conversion free, a large industrial plant must pay about one third of the cost. The conversion cost in some plants runs to almost a million dollars.

Converting a factory differs considerably from a normal domestic conversion. For the industrial job a conversion engineer is sent to the plant, sometimes weeks ahead of Cut Day. There he works with the company's own technicians. Working nights and week ends they change the power. Item by item, trying to prevent any holdup in production. Often this calls for considerable ingenuity.

When all well machinery was converted at Perola, a few miles east of the St. Clair River, engineers faced the problem of keeping oil pumps working at a certain speed carefully calculated to compensate for water seepage in the oil bed. If the pumps are stopped for any length of time the water likely to ruin production for months. If they pump too quickly the bed may run dry. In converting the motor for a pump it was necessary to adjust it to the correct speed. While the motor was being converted and adjusted engineers had crews working each pump in turn by hand with a corkscrew, beating the proper time for them. The job was completed without the loss of a drop of oil.

After converting half-a million items conversion engineers have learned that anything can crop up and probably will during the next eight years. But to many consumers it will be worth the trouble if only to see the last of flickering lights and the jokes that go with them.

As for the Ontario Hydro Commission after spending two hundred million dollars in ten years it will be disappointed if the flickerly flick gag isn't as dead as 25-cycle power. ★



London Letter

Continued from page 32

Churchill's wonder horse Colonist II is second favorite in the advance betting. If Colonist wins against the challenge of the best French horses there will be such scenes as never happened before on an English race course.

And here was Eric coolly suggesting that the finance debate would continue into Thursday. Churchill however took it calmly. There is nothing to gravel him going to Ascot if he so decides for he is the Conservative leader but the whole of the finance debate comes under what is known as the three line whips. Whatever engagements we may have made outside they all have to be canceled when the Chief Opposition Whip under Churchill's orders, issues the three-line whip.

Can the Conservative leader say "Into the breach, dear friends, but I shall not be with you"? All the Tories without a single exception said Churchill to get to Ascot. There is not a hand of sympathy between him and his horse that Colonist, who has a violent temper, might take to kicking the other horses. On the other hand can the Government Leader of the House say that we shall postpone the business of the nation so that members could rejourn to a race meet? It would not go down very well with the Left-wingers.

In the spacious Edwardian days parliament used to rejourn for Derby Day and for Gold Cup Day at Ascot. After all Ascot is the King's own race meeting. Unhappily the King could not go this year because of his health but the Queen and the Princesses do the daily drive.

LATER—Glory Hallelujah! The heart of the Government has been softened. It is true that on Thursday we shall debate finance under the discipline of the three-line whip but both sides have agreed secretly—in fact top secretly—that there will be no divisions before six o'clock in the evening. This have we restored some of the chivalry of olden days when the commander of an army used to enquire of the enemy leader what hour he was ready for the battle to begin.

The Gold Cup is at 3.45 and we can leave for London as soon as the race is over. Come on Colonist and traounce those arrogant French horses which dare to say you neigh. Where is our grey topper for we shall hurl it high into the air if Winston wins. Where in blazes did I leave those grey gloves and who has taken my stick?

Sometime I shall tell you what we were debating about in the budget marathon but now for a brief hour we shall gave ourselves over to the sport of kings. And none of this nonsense about may the best horse win. We want Colonist to come first and are not concerned with anything else. If he loses it will seem a long long night when we return to the treadmill at Westminster.

* * *

LATER STILL—That was Ascot. It was a lovely day, a great race and now we are back to finance and the start and Mother of Parliaments.

Churchill's horse was magnificent. Four times he threw off the challenge of one foreigner after another and it seemed he must win. But there was one horse that was too good . . . just one.

At any rate I still have my grey topper which would have been hurled in all directions if Winston had won. ★

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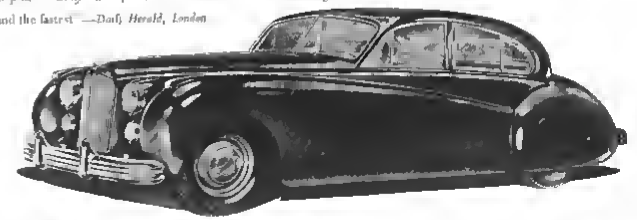
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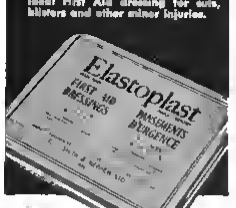
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How Ernie Douglass Beat His Stutter

Continued from page 24

built for complex pattern of automatic actions. Douglass set out to analyze this pattern.

When he was seven he discovered he could say "well" fluently as he used it at the beginning of each speech as a *starting device*. Others, he noticed, had starting devices of their own: some coughed, others whispered, still others would say "ah". An impetus to all starting devices, Douglass finally lost its effectiveness. He began to stutter on "well-to" he added, you see. By the time he was twelve he was prefacing each speech with "Well, well, you see, you see, you see," then stuttering on what came after.

He Didn't Want Socks

Douglass found he was using another trick to postpone saying a difficult word. Sometimes, just before the dreaded word, he would stretch out preceding words as they could hardly be understood. Or he would pause for several seconds. Then to fill the pause, he started to jerk his head up and down as if agreeing with something. He found that other stutterers stalling for time might swing their hands, scratch their heads or tap their feet. These were *postponement devices*. He also found that he was using *avoidance devices* that is, avoiding words he might stutter on. After a while things he didn't mean. Once he ordered three pairs of socks instead of underwear. Douglass also identified *anti-expectancy devices* — tricks to get rid of the dread of stuttering such as talking in a monotone when words stand out enough to be feared or bouncing for fun as a distraction. Also on the list were *release devices* — usually a body movement by the stutterer to free himself from a spasm. Douglass soon recognized that most treatments for stuttering leaned heavily on such devices.

They were bound to fail since they were aimed at symptoms of an illness rather than at the illness itself.

To cure himself, Douglass realized he must change his attitude. Fear and shame would have to be replaced by objectivity. Instead of trying to hide his defect, he would have to learn to stutter freely, then study it. So he gave himself four assignments. He made it his business to shop for at least one item a day not on display. He came to terms with his most dreaded enemy, the telephone. His wife, Renée, an attractive ballerina, agreed not to take any more phone calls for him. He tore up the calling cards he used, rather than say his own name. When entertaining, he no longer wanted for his wife to make introductions. He spent hours talking to his bedroom mirror, making observations. "How can you correct a habit when you don't know what that habit is?" he reasoned. He made careful notes of the emotional experiences in a stuttering spasm, his fear before the spasm, the confusion that accompanied it, and the successive waves of relief, shame and embarrassment when it was over.

Now Douglass felt he was ready to tackle the stutter itself. But where to begin? He ruled out the pre-spasm period — no one had had any luck with that since Aristotle's day. He felt he couldn't work on the spasm itself, because it was involuntary. He went to work on what appeared to be the only weak link in the chain — the period following the spasm.

To break the vicious circle Douglass came to dread half immediately after each spasm, surprising things began to happen. He became aware of his spasmic tricks and the number of blocks that followed became less frequent. He then went to work on the spasm itself. To begin with he tried to exercise some voluntary control over it, but he only succeeded in exaggerating it. "But even that was a tremendous step forward," says Douglass. "I was actually able to make the spasm do something I wanted."

From being able to lengthen the spasm voluntarily, Douglass found that with practice he could also shorten it. After several months he found he was left with a simple primary stutter, which in time almost vanished. Today Douglass regards himself as a cured stutterer but that doesn't mean he never stutters. "All people have a certain number of speech hesitations," he says. "A cured stutterer is a person who usually speaks fluently but on an occasion he's prepared to stutter in a calm relaxed manner."

After getting his degree in speech therapy, Douglass worked in British hospitals and clinics, and by 1948 he was in charge of four speech clinics in Glasgow. In January 1950 he came to Canada to head the Speech Clinic of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital which is conducted by the Department of Psychiatry of the University of Toronto's School of Medicine. (Later he became consultant speech therapist to the Sunnybrook and Toronto General Hospitals.) Dr. Aldwyn Stokes, chief of the Department of Psychiatry, is in charge of over-all planning. Working with Douglass as a team are psychologist Hervey Quarrington and psychiatrists Robert Arthurs and Daniel Coppan, as well as consultants in neurology, radiology and other fields.

To Stop a Pretty Girl

Recently I sat in with Douglass and a group of eight stutterers starting his eight-month course. The patients meet once a week and see Douglass privately once a month. They are from all walks of life — a doctor, a shoe store manager, a steel worker, a student, a landscape gardener, an accountant. Only serious patients are accepted. Sometimes, to test their earnestness, Douglass will ask an applicant to come to one 8 a.m. interview. "They'll be there if they're really interested," he says. "I've known stutterers to come three thousand miles for help."

Before joining the group each stutterer is studied for twenty hours by specialists. First comes a complete medical examination, then a battery of psychological tests. After interviews, tests of intelligence, blood, the nervous system and left- and right-handedness are taken. Finally the stutterer's vocal apparatus is X-rayed and an electroencephalogram, a chart showing electrical impulses passing through the brain, is made.

Douglass plunges in at the first meeting to get his stutterers to their objective. When one of the patients gasped his way through a speech, others looked away, embarrassed. "Keep your eye on the stutterer," cautioned Douglass, "or how can you learn about stuttering?" After a few meetings the stutterers are recounting their experiences. They can now joke about their difficulties.

After the first month they are ready for simple assignments. Working in pairs, a participant and an observer — they ask strangers directions, shop for groceries, ask a cashier to change bills. Gradually their tasks become more difficult, like stopping a pretty girl making a telephone call to a stranger, questioning a policeman. Douglass' patients exchange experiences when they meet again. One stutterer stopped a stranger to find he was a stutterer, too.

Once a young man and woman, both patients, entered a store. The young man stood silently while the girl patiently asked the saleslady for a dress of certain size, color, fashion and price. Unable to endure the girl's struggling, the saleslady turned on the man. "You beast!" she shouted. "Why don't you help your wife?" After the explanation the saleslady became sympathetic. "My own sister stutters," she confided. "I'm going to tell her about your Speech Clinic."

A favorite assignment for advanced students is to ask the girl in the box office of a certain Toronto movie where time the first three starts. The girl rates high on an assignment because opposite only she hates stutterers. They make for brush-lines away, talk sharply. One memorable night she was questioned by four stutterers in two hours. She broke down completely after the fourth encounter. "Next time any of your wise guys come around here pulling my leg I'll call the police," she shrieked.

Forty Years a Stutterer

Other top-rated fear situations are asking a groceteria cashier of the height of the Saturday rush if this is the place you get a watch repaired, claiming a suit from a cleaning establishment when you have none there, asking a pretty girl where to find the nearest stuttering school.

Douglass helps each patient discover his own stuttering pattern. Stutterers study each other and observe themselves in front of a mirror. The stutterer has his spasm recorded by film, tape recorder, X-ray machine. Invariably when he sees the results he asks, "Is that what I really do?"

After the first phase of treatment, friends and relatives of the patient are often disappointed because he's stuttering as badly — or sometimes worse — than before. But as Douglass says, "We're not aiming at fluency at the beginning. We're trying to get the patient to drop his defenses and stutter in a relaxed manner. Usually the stutterer who is a 'human beam pole'" begins to gain on weight because he's relaxing for the first time in his life. The social recluse begins to enjoy other people.

In the remaining six months of treatment the Speech Clinic tackles the stuttering itself. Severely patients have been treated by their mothers, other at the clinic or by Douglass privately, and the results are mirroring. The patients are healthier and their personalities have undergone a change. Their stuttering has either disappeared or become less severe.

A few weeks ago at a gathering in Douglass' home I met a dozen of his graduates. One was forty-six-year old railway foreman who stuttered all his life; now fluent, he was being considered for an appointment to executive rank. A young man who could never finish a sentence is leaving his job as a minor civic employee to enter university and go on to a profession. As one guest said to me, "It's like being born again!"

One of the Speech Clinic's present aims is to analyze all the data now being collected to throw more light on stuttering. It is thus research activity which may some day spare thousands of children the torment of a stutterer's life. Until the Clinic has had the opportunity for further study and analysis, it offers the following interim theory:

There is no single dramatic cause of stuttering. However, an early disturbing incident can bring out a speech defect if the child is already vulnerable. One stutterer, for example, claims his stuttering started at night when his neurotic mother threatened to kill him for a child's prank. Closer study showed the mother for years had kept the household in an uproar. The child was tense and anxious practically from

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birth, and showed a tendency to speech hesitation from two years onward.

The broad underlying cause of the stuttering man attitude anything in the person's physical make-up or environment that sets up a breeding ground. A child whose nervous system has been affected by long illness with high fever may find it difficult to exercise the delicate muscular control needed to speak fluently. Anything that embarrasses a child may lead to speech hesitancy. The fat child, the tall child, the child with a high pitched or unsightly birthmark. Emotional conflicts in the home can be destructive. One stammerer recalls that his parents didn't speak to each other for weeks. At such times he was expected to be the go-between. A typical day would start with the child being rushed by father to tell mother: "You no good lazy tramp, get out of bed and make my breakfast!"

Research bears out certain of one thing. Impatient emotional parents have produced many children to grow up as stutterers. When learning how to speak it is natural for the child between two and six to stutter in at least forty-five words out of every thousand. The real trouble starts when the parent becomes alarmed at the normal vocal stumbling of the child and makes him self-conscious of it by nagging and scolding. The final blow comes when the child is labeled a stutterer. The more he is corrected and penalized, the more highly need and tense he becomes. From this tense his speech may steadily deteriorate.

The Speech Clinic believes that extreme caution should be used before labeling a small child a stutterer. Douglass points to an experiment by Wendell Johnson, who was asked to correct silly pre-school stutterers. Johnson sent the children home and invited the parents to several sessions with him to help revise their attitude toward the children. Within a few months forty-nine of the children were speaking fluently. Stuttering parents often have children who stutter because when their child begins to speak they often imagine they detect a stutter. They say: "No child of mine is going to go through what I did" and embark on an intensive and usually harmful campaign to correct the child.

It's Worth the Effort

How can parents help their children avoid stuttering? The first rule is to provide a happy and healthy home. If the parent is concerned about the speech of a child between two and six, then he should take him to a physician to rule out any possible physical cause. From then on, nothing should be done by word or by gesture to make him self-conscious about his speech. Above all, don't label him a stutterer and don't ask him to show off in company. When he speaks listen attentively. Your job as a parent is to convince him you enjoy his company, that you're fond of him, that you like listening to him. Follow these rules and chances are your child will outgrow his speech hesitations.

As for the adult stutterer, he requires therapeutic treatment such as that offered at the Speech Clinic. As Douglass discovered: There is no shortcut to fluency. It demands months of effort, courage and determination.

But says Douglass, recalling the gloomy days when every conversation was a major crisis, it's worth every minute of it.

The happiest moment of his life, he says, was after his son, when he was addressing a woman's club in London.

I had to actually explain to them that I was once a stutterer. Imagine me, Yammering Douglass, having to make an explanation like that." ★

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Can you name these ten cars which provide a panorama of auto styles over the past thirty years? We give you the correct year of each make and your choice of four names. Answers, page 54, col. 4



1 — 1929
Electric Light Willys — Ford — Rite



2 — 1938
Studebaker — Chevrolet Pak — Chrysler — Hudson



3 — 1924
Lincoln — Rolls-Royce — McLaughlin Buick — Ford



4 — 1930
Lincoln — Plymouth — LaSalle — Studebaker



5 — 1919
Ford — Moon — Chevrolet — Lincoln



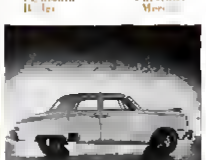
6 — 1927
Hudson — Willys-Knight — Packard — Buick



7 — 1940
Plymouth — Chevrolet — Buick — Mercury



8 — 1933
Buick — Willys — Hillman — Austin



9 — 1947
Kaiser — Ford — Hudson — Studebaker



10 — 1930
Cadillac — Buick — Marmon — Lincoln

What It's Like to Live With a Double

Continued from page 15

hurried into the waiting room. There on the far side of the room I saw the familiar figure I was seeking. I waved happily, my wave was returned. I rushed toward her, then stopped, scarlet with embarrassment. Onlookers stared and were probably convinced I was not quite normal. I realized I was walking not toward Betty but toward a full length mirror. A few moments later my twin sister raised across the room and threw herself in my arms. We were together again. By a strange coincidence we were wearing identical dresses.

My first day in training was a difficult one for Betty. I was a probationary and was not wearing a cap. The doctors and some of the nurses thought I was Betty and had lost my cap. That is one of the most severe punishments a student nurse can face. Until it was discovered there were two of us I am sure they must have thought Betty one of the most impudent of the assistant captains in the morning, capped in the afternoon. Then later in the day it would seem she had had her cap again. Finally we appeared together and the mystery was solved.

My three years in training were an endurance test for me. Betty was a good nurse and found joy in the work. I didn't. I did it all with clenched teeth. Many times I hid in the linen cupboard and cried if a case was hopeless or a patient died.

I did love nursery work however, and I was particularly interested in twin babies and I used to watch them in the hope I too, like a mother twins. The prenatal casualty rate for twins is high, some authorities estimate that about three or four times as many twins are conceived as are born. Infancy is the death rate for twins is much higher than for single births because as many are premature. But past infancy twins are usually as healthy as other children.

Among white people in the United States, Europe and Canada twins are born about once in every ninety births, with three sets of fraternal twins for every set of identical twins. Among Mongolian people twins occur about half as often.

There are many unexplained aspects of twin production. Age of the parents seems to be one of the factors. Older mothers in their late thirties or early forties are more than twice as likely to have twins as younger women. Where the father is older too, regardless of the age of the mother, the chance of twins is more likely.

After I became a student nurse Betty rushed into my room in the residence one day to tell me she had made two dates for the same night and didn't know how to break one of them. She begged me to take one and pretend to be her. I told her I'd go but I'd go as myself. "Not tonight," she begged. "One boy is already here and I have only met the other once—I'd feel like a fool asking him to take my sister." Finally I weakened.

What a big name and what does he look like?" I asked. Betty gave me a coy smile, hugged me and flew out calling back as she left: "He's in the Air Force and his name is Johnson. You'll like him."

"Hey," I yelled, "what's his first name?" But she was away like a shot and didn't hear me.

Ten minutes later I answered when Betty's name was called and walked into the sitting room to greet my caller and be my twin for the evening. Not knowing his first name, I was evidently said "Hi, Johnnie." Hi, second to sense nothing odd in that. He was a tall man, looking man with a quiet charm and a sense of humor I liked at once. We had a pleasant evening at a movie. I thought I wouldn't give myself away there.

On the way home I had a few last moments wondering what I should do if he started to kiss me goodnight. Would Betty kiss him or would she not? When he lifted me in the rumble seat door

WHICH TWIN IS WHICH?

(See photo pages 14 15)
Betty left Vic right

he leaned over and kissed me lightly, saying he'd call me soon.

I rushed into Betty's room. "Sis, Pete's safe," I said. "I've been kissed and I don't even know his first name. I learned that it was Walter. A few nights later we met Walter at a skating rink and Betty introduced me to him. He commented on how much alike we were. He was as proper that I had the greatest urge to say, "You kissed me the other night," but I didn't. In fact I never told him about that evening, did after I married him.

By the time we had finished training Betty and one year and I the next, we realized we were no longer thinking alike. We still had gay times, still fooled people, but we knew our lives could no longer run in parallel lines. Betty had accepted an executive position in nursing and I was in love with Walter. I fell almost guilty about it too. We had always planned a double wedding when we were children and I worried about Betty not wanting to marry when I did.

There was a certain sadness about my wedding preparations. All through the parties and showers and trousseau hunting I was aware that I was really making a final break. There was a lump in my throat a lot of the time. Betty sensed me that she really made the final break when she left me to be a nurse. Now that I was planning my happy future I too had to think of myself as an individual. That is not easy after twenty odd years of being "the Twins," but in some ways it was almost a relief too. Once we got tired of stares and whispers and the old question, "Are you girls twins?" or "Which one has the lors?"

We are both married now but this has not changed our devotion to each other. We have simply become two personalities instead of a team.

We still look enough alike to fool the unsuspecting. When my husband and I moved from Toronto recently Betty and her husband took over our apartment. Betty said this caused some excitement among tenants who thought Walter had left and I had remained with a new husband. Betty of course was delighted with this just as I would be. We drive our husbands crazy and bore our friends to death reliving our experiences every time we get together. Walter still takes a lot of good natured teasing about his first date with me.

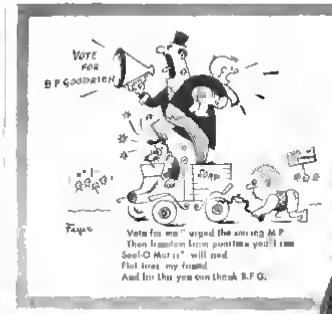
But life is just as wonderful as Mrs. Walter Johnson as it was as one of The Twins. What more could I ask for? Why twins of course! ★

Next issue

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Would Prayer Stop an Invasion?

● Writers Goforth and Katz did a good job on their article. If the Russians attack Canada (June 15), but they unmilitarize first.

The Canadian people should get down on their knees and ask Almighty God for strength and courage to face whatever is to come. The power lines of prayer are always open and prayer from a repentant nation is a powerful thing.—Helen I. Middleton, London, Ont.

● I was very interested in the article . . . So far as I can see, only one piece of essential information is missing, and since it is of great personal concern to me I am taking the liberty of enquiring. Would you mind looking on your casualty list for the city of Ottawa and seeing if my name is on it?—I feel that such information would be of great value in planning my future.—B. Taylor, Ottawa.

● I feel it is important to correct an unfortunate impression conveyed by a sentence in your article. This sentence, which was repeated twice reads as follows: "In Halifax the local co-ordinator has difficulty in persuading people to turn up at meetings."

As Director of Civil Defence for the Halifax Target Area I have never made such a statement myself and in fact it is demonstrably incorrect. It has been my boast that the citizens of Halifax are particularly "civil defence conscious" and at all meetings of the central advisory and planning committees and to maintain a great many associated subcommittees, the attendance has always been as near one hundred percent as could reasonably be expected.—Frank Houghton, Rear Admiral, RCN (Ret'd), Director of Civil Defence, Halifax.

● My attention has been drawn to a statement in your article that Winston Churchill privately threatened to have shelters dug up owing to the propensity of the British people for them.

This is a most cruel slander. If it had not been for the bravery of these people and for their willingness to carry on their jobs at all costs many of them at the risk of life and limb the war would have had a very different result. No one was more proud of the spirit of the people than Winston Churchill himself.

I can speak from experience as I was an air raid warden in the South Kensington district of London during the whole period of the war.—Mrs. S. R. Deckwell, Toronto.

All-Out Christian

A word of appreciation for the heartlifting article, The Happy Baker, June 1. In the midst of all the mental confusion and pessimism of our times it is encouraging and challenging as well to know that the individual who really goes all-out on Christian principles can become a spiritual powerhouse, in his business and community.—Helen Hamilton, Victoria.

She Saw the Fire Ship

I am married now and living here but I was a lightkeeper's daughter at North Point, P.E.I. In the winter of 1933 we had two couples visiting us and when we were having lunch the men were outside. This is what they saw in the Northumberland Strait: A burning ship all ablaze with people scrambling



up to the tip of the masts. I can see it yet, and mother ran in the field with the butter dish in her hands. Suddenly it died down and we went back in the house.

We knew it was not real because we were all tired in. It was about across from Carlsquet, N.B. I was so surprised to read it in Maclean's but it is true. I saw it with my own eyes.—Mrs. J. A. Moreau, Naranda, Que.

Who Shall Speak for Us?

● YOU DID NOT HAVE THE HONESTY TO SAY TIME'S CANADIAN COVERAGE WAS WRITTEN BY CANADIANS. WHEN MACLEAN'S TURNS OUT A MAGAZINE AS GOOD AND AS MATURE AS AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS CANADIANS WILL BUY IT. IN THE MEANTIME IT WOULD BE NICE TO SEE YOU STOP YOUR COMMUNIST LINE ANTI AMERICAN DRIVEL. IN ANSWER TO YOUR TWISTED EDITORIAL ON TIME, TAKE ARSENIC.—Keo Crawford, Montreal.

● Above all else I congratulate you in speaking *for Canada*. We are Canadians first and last, and the sooner the Americans learn it the better our relations will be.—Peter Wanie, Oshawa, Ont.

Doctors and Drugs

In a letter in Mailbag (May 15) the point was raised that income-tax regulations permitted deduction of prescriptions when these were purchased through a doctor and your correspondent asked how such prescriptions could be secured pointing out that these were always obtained through druggists. In the answer your editor suggested the patient ask the doctor to procure the prescription for him.

This has resulted in a very considerable number of letters and telephone calls of protest being received by this office. It actually suggests a practice that would be illegal in most areas in Canada.—F. B. Fullerton, Pharmaceutical Association of B.C., Vancouver.

● For a physician to deliberately purchase medication on behalf of a patient so it may be included as part of his professional fee (but without segregation indicating services and medication) is not in accord with present income-tax regulations.

Acceptance of the principle that medication on prescriptions should be deductible when computing income tax is discussed in the recent announcement that certain necessary drugs will shortly be eligible.—E. S. Tulin, editor, Drug Merchandising, Toronto.

Mrs. Tak's Long Ordeal

I would appreciate it very much if you will find out for me how I can send some food and clothing (size and age of children) to that struggling Christian woman, Mrs. Tak (June 15).—Mrs. Hilda C. Johnston, Carleton Siding, P.E.I.

Donations for Korean refugees should be sent to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, New York. Contributors will receive individual receipts.

Echo of the Halifax Blast

With reference to the article, The Day Halifax Blew Up (May 1) my brother, Walter, now a resident of Massachusetts, writes as follows: "To the best of my recollection the Chief Engineer, Mr. Campbell, Walter Nickerson, William Nickerson and myself were the only survivors of the Stella Maris crew. There were also one or two men from the dockyard who survived but I do not know their names as they were a working group on board for the trip only."—H. H. Brannen, Halifax.

Writer Kenneth MacGillivray stated in error that the entire crew of the 'Stella Maris' was lost in the great explosion on Dec. 6, 1917.

Yes, We Move Even Mountains

I came across your article on Banff (June 15) and noticed that the picture of the chair lift is reproduced in reverse. I have had the privilege to



Banff Sight Way Round

have a ride on this lift and it struck me eye the minute I saw it.—G. John Wilhage, Noblefordt, Alta.

● The chair lift on Mt. Norquay is reversed right for left.—F. H. W. Chester Nelson, B.C.

● I should like to congratulate you on those wonderful, wonderful photographs.—Mrs. E. Ashburr, St. Vital, Man.

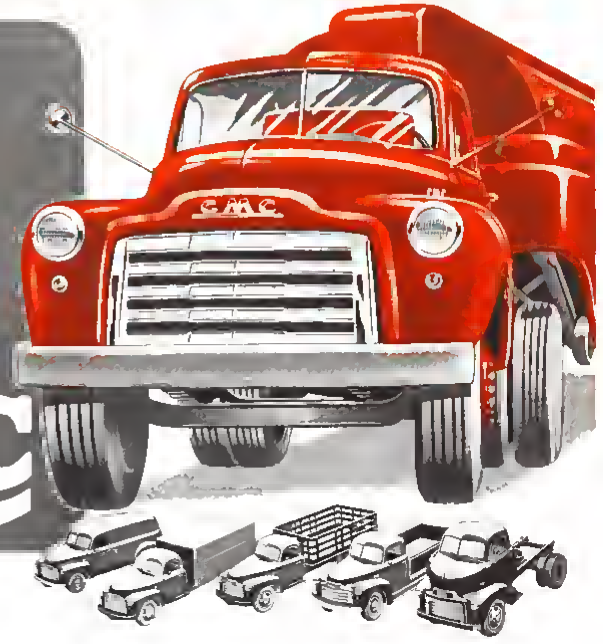
● I know just how the Banff tourists feel when they first "Made in Toronto" on the bottom of an article bought as a souvenir. Mine was "Kitchener, Ont."—Mrs. Wm. McComb, London, Ont.

Answers to Maclean's Hide-and-Seek (See page 52)

1. Ford; 2. Hudson; 3. Mitoughlin Buick; 4. Studebaker; 5. Packard; 6. Packard; 7. Dodge; 8. Willys; 9. Studebaker; 10. Cadillac

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PARADE

THE COIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IN A small Toronto restaurant the juke box was crashing out one brassy popular tune after another. An elderly diner suffered in silence awhile, then called a waitress.

"If that thing must be played that loud," he said bitterly, "would it be possible to play something less nauseous, perhaps a classical piece?"

The girl shook her head emphatically. "With hamburgers and onions," she said, "we don't serve classical music."

• • •

A middle-aged couple in Tillsonburg, Ont., drove to a neighboring town one evening recently to visit friends. Returning home quite late, the husband announced he felt tired, stopped the car and asked his wife to drive. He got out to let her move into the driver's seat. Walking around the car he noticed one of the back doors wasn't closed properly. He opened it and slammed it shut.



Promptly the car pulled away. He was still standing there half an hour later when his flustered wife returned.

"When I heard the door slam I thought you'd got in," she said.

• • •

A woman in Saskatoon finally confirms what most men have always suspected—that canny women will wear anything in the name of a hat. Recently she ordered three hats of various styles from a mail order firm. When the package arrived she found only two hats inside. She notified the mail-order firm which promptly sent along another hat.

She was walking along the street one day wearing a wide brimmed high crowned model when a gust of wind whipped it from her head. She grabbed the brim in mid-air and was amazed when the crown spun off in the wind. When she retrieved it, she swears she went right home and wrote the mail order firm that she'd found the missing hat.

• • •

A young couple looking for living space in Ottawa answered an ad for rooms in a private home. They were met at the door by a fat bald middle-aged man who looked them over, stood for a moment apparently in deep thought and then shook his head.

"But you advertised in the newspaper," the young husband insisted.

"Yes," the landlord admitted and to tell the truth we do have rooms." Then grinning ruefully he concluded: "The last couple we had—the wife was young and good looking like yours—my wife let us. All the money I collected for the rooms she spent at beauty parlors and dress shops. I'm not going through that again."

• • •

The agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Fredericton, N.B., received a phone call recently that a mother duck was parading her family down one of the city streets.

The agent was stowing fowl-catching paraphernalia into his truck a few minutes later when into the SPCA yard marched the mother duck and eight young. She herded them efficiently into a small pen, then with a triumphant quack she took wing.

• • •

An Alberta university student driving a sight-seeing bus at Banff during the summer met two co-eds and after squiring them alternately found himself short of funds. He told one of the girls that unless his tips from tourists improved he couldn't afford another date.

On his first trip the next day he was surprised to find the girl among his passengers. At the end of the trip she was first to get out. Flourishing a two-dollar bill she loudly complimented him on his driving. "It was the most enjoyable trip I ever had," she said and handed him the bill. Inspired by this show the other tourists tipped him handsomely.

Her mission accomplished the co-ed waited confidently for the student to call for a date. When he failed to show up she dropped around to her girl friend's room to discuss the perfidy of students who drive buses. On the door was a note: "Gone dancing. Jim suddenly in funds."



Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



"Cat" skinner

The feeling of a soldier for the equipment he works with is something special. Watch a hard-bitten "skinner"—a man who handles earthmovers—around his "Cat" Bulldozer or Motor Grader or wheel Tractor. When he touches the machine it's like a man laying his hand familiarly on his friend dog's head. There's the same deep affection and understanding. Man and machine have been through it together when the going was tough. The machine has become a part of the man.

Bonds of comradeship are close in the Armed Forces. The fierce heat of combat, the grim hours of sweating it out, the need to depend on each other as a team—these things develop strong loyalties between men. And with men and machines it's that way, too. They work and fight and earn their stripes together.

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